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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

LILLIAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EDWIN R. MARTIN.

My Lillian, sweet Lillian!
The springtime's gentle showers
Have woven on the vernal earth
A broidery of flowers;
The violets look up to me
From many a woodland dell,
And mind me of thy sweet blue eyes—
Those eyes I loved so well!

The brook goes winding through the glen
With gurgle low and sweet,
As oft it did when you and I
Upon its banks would meet;
It sparkles in the golden light,
And glides within the shade,
Unconscious that thy lowly bed
Beside its brim is made.

My Lillian, sweet Lillian!
Oh, never, never more
We'll wander through the forest green,
As oft we did of yore;
The earth has seemed less fair to me,
Its burdens sadder grown,
Since you have left me, dearest one,
To bear them all alone.

Bethany, Mo.

SURRENDER OF FORT PULASKI, GEORGIA: LIEUT.-COLONEL HALL, OF SERRELL'S VOLUNTEER ENGINEERS, ANNOUNCING THE SURRENDER, AND CARRYING THE ORDER TO THE NATIONAL BATTERIES TO CEASE FIRING.—*From a Sketch by the Special Artist of "Frank Leslie."*

THE WOMAN I LOVED,

AND THE WOMAN WHO LOVED ME.

A STORY IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

By the Authoress of "Agnes Tremorne."

CHAPTER V.

When I approached Speynings I found the house shut up. I was fatigued by my journey, and ordered a fire to be made in the library, and spent there the rest of the evening. For the first time, perhaps, I realized my loss. The silence and loneliness of the house seemed a type of my future life. As Speynings was without its mistress, would my life be without the love which had once so boundlessly ministered to it. I knew that both in public and in private I was considered a prosperous man. I was rich, master of a good estate, well educated, well born, there was not an unmarried woman in the county who would not have willingly accepted my hand and my estate; but those fatal blue eyes which had shone upon me for so long, had parched all the verdure of my soul. What love had I to give? What love could I receive? I might become a husband and a father, I might to a certain degree surround myself with the ties of life; but the very idea of them was like water to a drunkard. I covered my face with my hands.

Fanny Egerton had gone to live with her friend Nora after my mother's death. Nora had married Mr. Maynard, the rector of the parish of Speynings. The rectory was within a walk, and I went over to the parsonage the next morning to see Fanny. Her pretty rosy face was as pale as death as I entered the room. As we shook hands, I felt hers was as cold as marble. I asked her a few questions, which she answered with the greatest reserve. I asked some questions about Speynings.

"I have not been there since—"

"Why not?"

I spoke as kindly as I could,

"I go to Speynings after——" Fanny burst into tears.

"I promised," she said, looking through her tears at me, "that I would see you; that I would be as friendly as—as—before you left England; I cannot keep my word. Do you know how you made her suffer? The day you left she went to your room. She threw herself on your bed, and would not permit me to stay with her. In the morning, when I went to see her, I saw she had cried all night. I heard her call out 'my son, my son.' The only thing which occupied her till her death was to arrange everything as she thought you would like it."

It was true; I had found everything arranged precisely as I most liked it.

After that evening I took care not to speak to Fanny again on that subject. I found plenty of things which required my attention, and wrote regularly to the Warburton's. Sometimes I went to the Parsonage. After her first burst of feeling, Fanny was polite, but never cordial. She had much improved in person; there was an air of thought, of decision in her face, which became it well. She was adored in the village, and was the sunbeam of the house in which she lived. The Maynards would not spare her to any one, though she had relatives who were continually asking her to live with them. She would be absent for awhile, but always returned to the parsonage. My nature was warped at the root, and she was attractive to me in proportion to the entire loss of my influence over her. All persons have an atmosphere that impresses others. No one was more sensitive to these impressions than I have been. Marian inspired a delicious languor which soothed, but perhaps enervated. Fanny, on the contrary, roused a spirited activity. Health was the spirit of her being, mentally and bodily. One felt that here was a sound organization. The difference might be compared to the perfume of a magnolia and the aromatic fragrance of mignonette. The racy sweetness of the latter revives, as the voluptuous odor of the former oppresses the senses.

With my usual plausibility, I tried to bring back our former intimacy. I dilated on our old familiar affection. How often had my mother hinted that it would gratify a dear wish of hers if I loved Fanny. How often had it been a reproach to her in my mind when she expressed any disapprobation at my folly, that that desire had perverted her taste and made her censorious. *Now* the thought passed through my mind, had happiness been near me, and had I wantonly averted my head from it?

One evening, as I was walking in the shrubbery with Fanny, I spoke to her in something of a sentimental strain. She replied more kindly than I anticipated. I began making some allusions to the emptiness of Speynings—how I had missed her—how hard it was that she was no longer there. I made allusions in a kind and tender tone—kinder and tender than my wont, or than she had been accustomed to from me in our former days. She started; then allowed me to go on with a look of the most blank astonishment; and then she paused; and as the color flew into her face, and her eyes sparkled with anger, she looked superb in her indignation. She replied:

"I will not affect to misunderstand you, Mr. Spencer (since my return she never addressed me as Hubert), but you must know nothing could ever add to the strong disapproval—I may say aversion—with which your past unkindness to her inspired me, unless, indeed, it were this strange conduct. I neither feel flattered at your commendation or your regrets."

"Excuse me," I said, with pride equal to her own. "I fear I have expressed myself ill. I have no such pretentions as you seem to suppose. I know too well your prejudices against me, and I resent them too much ever to seek to correct their injustice." I bowed and left her, hoping I had planted a thorn in her heart. My vanity was so mortified that I was glad of this pitiful revenge.

The undercurrent of remorse and regret which was beginning to surge through my heart made me pitiless and cruel. I returned from the Parsonage in a storm of indignation. That that young woman should judge me, mortified me beyond measure; the more so, perhaps, that my conscience told me she was right. I sat moodily at home, resolving to leave Speynings, and shut it up as soon as I conveniently could. Suddenly I heard the noise of a horse galloping up the avenue. The unusual hour for a visit alarmed me. I inquired who it was. A telegraphic dispatch was brought to me—sent by express from the neighboring station. It entirely changed my fate. Harry Warburton was dead!—Mrs. Warburton and her children were on their way to England!

Poor Warburton!—his end was characteristic of his life. He and some of the men of his stamp had organized some races, and he had resolved to ride his own horse. He had been advised—warned—but he persisted, and was thrown and killed on the spot. By me he was mourned—strange though it may seem to say so. My life had flowed in one particular course so long, that it was difficult to force it into a new channel. My first feeling was a mysterious dread of evil. Marian free!—and who were bound to each other, if we were not. Then difficulties rose before me—obstacles—delays. Away from Marian I could remember she was much older than I was. Her children were growing up; she and they were penniless; it would be a great charge and responsibility on whoever became Marian's husband.

The consummate tact of Marian was never more proved than in our meeting. She no doubt understood the ground was less secure than formerly. She was not alone, was kind and cordial, but very sad. She spoke more of her loss as regarded her children than herself. There was no parade of grief which might have seemed hypocritical, there was no semblance of indifference which might have seemed unfeeling. There was no air of intimacy which might lead to conjectures, or recall claims. There was the exact and due consideration given to me as one of Warburton's dear friends. How many he had! I met several offering their services! Among them was a certain Lord Lascelles, who had become known to them after I left Vienna, who was very attentive. It was distinctly impressed on my mind, though how I cannot describe, that if I hesitated I should be superseded.

I checked all prudential misgivings, for I was still in love, and a year and a half after Warburton's death, Marian was my wife. Lord Lascelles was the eldest son of an Irish peer, but the property was heavily mortgaged; in everything but title he was my inferior, and I must do Marian the justice to say that she did not pause in her choice.

I announced the fact of my marriage to Fanny, but received no reply from her.

I suppose all men attain a period of disenchantment. Some earlier than others. The love which had robbed my youth of its purest joys failed, when won, to lend its charm to my maturity. I looked with despair on my own heart, and on the blank which was there. Very selfish persons become prematurely old. Life is to each like a reel of silk. We all take one into our hands, some use it for their work, and when the reel is used the silk looks gay in the work which it has finished. Others hold it so carelessly that it all runs out at once, and leaves only the bare wood. I had used my life so prodigally and selfishly that I had got to the wood at the age when most men have only commenced their reel, and what work had I done?

Marian was my wife, and though her beauty was not so radiant as it had been six years ago, it was still great, yet I dared to whisper to myself I was disappointed. It was not so delightful to me to spend the morning in her sitting-room, now that I could be there whenever I chose. She, herself, seemed to think it somewhat of a bore. There was a stimulus wanting. I saw little faults in her which I had not detected previously. A want of depth in her nature which produced a smallness, a pettishness about trifles. Here was not the sunny temperament which could extract pleasure from all things, and flower and bloom with the first ray of sunshine. She needed excitement. Her husband's admiration did not suffice for her, and as her beauty was a little less universally attractive, and did not win her the admiration of others so much as it did, there was a bitterness, which though concealed in society, sometimes made itself perceptible at home. Perhaps, had my own nature sustained, verified, developed hers, it would have been different, but I was too much like her. There was a sterility in both which in me had been veiled by youth, and in her by grace, but which was soon evident. The poor material on which such gay embroideries had been lavished, now that time had told on it, displayed itself; instead of sumptuous brocade, it was beggarly canvas. Thousands of men are more unhappy from faults than vices; but with me it was more the negation of happiness than the positive pang of unhappiness. Sometimes a devil whispered to my heart:—"Are you assured that you do possess her love? Warburton always believed he possessed it entirely." However much my self-esteem might insinuate a difference, there were misgivings.

I began seeking for other interests to fill up life, and like most men disappointed in their affections, I turned to politics. There were signs which boded a general election, and I resolved to stand for the county. We went down to Speynings. I commenced the work of canvassing with great spirit. Three days after my arrival I gave a large dinner party, at which most of the magnates of the county were to be present. I had sent an invitation to the parsonage; it was refused, but the servant who bore the refusal left a packet for me. I opened it; the outside was addressed in Fanny's hand, but without a word from her. The inside was a case containing a magnificent parure of diamonds, necklace, bandeau, brooch, &c. On a paper was written in characters somewhat faded by time. "For my beloved Hubert's wife, from his mother." There was also a letter, but just as I was opening it I heard Marian's step, and a feeling I could not explain, led me to conceal the case and letter in a drawer. She entered to speak to me about her dress, and to lament some accident which had happened to her ornaments. I immediately gave her the diamonds, but without mentioning how they had come into my possession.

She was enchanted, but reproached me for not having given them to her before.

As she sat opposite me at dinner she looked lovely. Round that graceful throat the brilliants sparkled like water. The simile was not an apt one: it suggested tears, and reminded me how many had been shed, caused by me, and on her account, in this very room. A voice rose in my heart that the queenly splendor which adorned my wife was the gift of that mother I had so outraged and pained, and was bestowed by me on the one woman she would have rejected as a daughter. The costly heritage I had derived from her I shared with one she distrusted and despised. At that moment I looked towards Marian; she was bending down, with sparkling eyes and kindling cheek, and listening to the flattering speeches of Lord Lascelles. She had invited him in such a manner that I could make no objection. Something in her attitude, in the curves of her lips as she smiled, carried me back to the days long ago, days of the Grange, before her marriage with Warburton. I shuddered; I answered absently to persons who were speaking to me; I made the most obvious blunders. People began to look surprised, and in spite of the proverbial inexpressiveness of worldly faces, I caught an expression on some, as I turned my eyes from the head of the table, which stung me.

"Jealous, by—."

I fancied this exclamation hissed into my ears. I began to talk and laugh vehemently, but there was disquiet within me. My laugh was so loud that it served to attract Marian, who looked at me with surprise, and then coldly and slowly averted her eyes.

After the dinner there was a ball. Lascelles and Marian opened it. Marian and I met once in the course of the evening.

"What is the matter, Hubert; are you not well, or only cross?"

"Not very well," I replied.

"It is very hot, I am not surprised—I feel half suffocated myself, and far from well."

She left me, and glided back to the dancers. Where was the quick sympathy of old? I threw myself on a chair in the library, lost in a bitter reverie. The drawer in which I had placed the case and letter was open, I mechanically took out the letter; it was in my mother's hand. I shuddered as I read it.

My beloved Hubert, how strange it is to think that when you receive this letter the hand that wrote it will be dust. I rise from my grave, my dearest, to bless you. The bitterness of death was over when I held your hand for the last time. You have thought my silence unforgiving—would it not rather have proved alienation, and have been a sacrilege, to alter the free and unconstrained intercourse of spirit which had once subsisted between us, to the superficial communion which was the tone you had adopted? Best to roll the stone on the sepulchre till the day of the resurrection. That day will come. I can wait for it; I know that hereafter you will know my heart. We are all unjust to one another: I may have misjudged you, but my judgment of you never affected my love for you. You misunderstood me, and ceased to love me; but you will love me once more, my son. I look back on my girlish, my married, my widowed life, and I see I have been deprived of most of the blessings which are given to other women; but I had one gift, the gift of loving you, Hubert, with an entire and perfect love. When you are a parent you will understand me. You have accused me of jealousy, God forgive you; I was jealous of your honor, of your truth, of your happiness, which all seemed to me perilled by the course of life on which you had entered. What can be the result of selfishness united to selfishness, falseness to falseness, ingratitude to ingratitude? There is a lucidity in a mother's apprehension. I know that you are not loved as you love. I know, also, that you love, not with the best, but with the worst part of your nature, and therefore, that your love is mortal and ephemeral. That it has placed you in antagonism to me is my bitter, but deserved chastisement. My idolatrous affection for you has fostered your selfishness, it is right that I should suffer by that selfishness. I am resigned, I submit, but you too, dearest, will suffer; would that, at any cost to myself, I could shield you. Be firm, be unselfish, be sincere. Truth, fortitude, and love carry us through all trials victoriously. I do not pray for any blessing chosen by myself for you. I hold the cross between my hands, and say for you as for myself, God's will be done! Mabel Spencer.

Before I reached the end of this letter my eyes were filled with tears. Yes, she was avenged, and on the spot where I had been so careless, so ungrateful, so cruel—she was avenged. I would have given all that remained to me of life but to have held once more the hand I had cast away. I snatched the candle from the table and held it up before her picture, which was in the room—an old portrait taken when she was young, but with the intense look about the eyes which was her characteristic. The eyes were unanswering now; the mouth would never smile upon me again. I sat down again. I heard steps and extinguished the light, for I did not wish to be intruded upon, but the steps were in the conservatory. Through the distant sound of the music in the saloon the words I had just read rang as a knell to my ears—"Selfishness to selfishness, falsehood to falsehood, ingratitude to ingratitude." I went to the window which opened into the conservatory, for I was faint and dizzy. The steps approached, and through the moonlit vista of shrubs and exotics I saw a gleam of some shining dress.

"Are you better?" said a voice I did not at once recognize.

"Yes, much better—it was only the heat;" answered the rich, soft tones of Marian—of my wife.

"I will sit down here, Lord Lascelles; then I must return, for I shall be missed—I do not know where Hubert is."

I heard a muttered exclamation, and an expletive added to the name of Hubert, and I recognized Lord Lascelles' voice.

He continued:

"Where in the ——'s name is he? It is of consequence to him to show himself, I know, as this assembly is a sort of touchstone for his election. But where can he be?"

"He said something about not being very well."

"I cannot imagine Spencer suffering from the ordinary ills of mortality."

"Why not?"

"I should not, were I in his place."

"I do not understand you."

"No matter. Do not move, I beseech you; you are not rested—let us stay, it is so pleasant here—almost an Italian atmosphere; these orange flowers—those roses—"

"Ah, do not speak of Italy—the name fills me with sad memories and yearning regrets. It was such a favorite dream of mine that Italy should be my home one day; but dreams are never realized—"

"Mine are transcended. I once dreamed of a face—a form of a peculiar and enchanting type. I have seen a reality more exquisite than my dreams."

"You have been fortunate."

"Oh, Marian—forgive me, Mrs. Spencer."

"Lord Lascelles, I had better return to the drawing-room."

"Not before you say you forgive me."

"Foolish——What a perfect child you are."

"I am only three years younger than Spencer."

"Perhaps not, but those three years make a great difference; besides, I am older than Spencer."

"Impossible!"

"It is true; when I consented to marry a man younger than myself, I was not unmindful of the risk, but I thought that in all marriages there are drawbacks, and a woman who is conscious that she has something to make up for has a greater incentive to patience, gentleness, indulgence than others."

"Angel! who could be worthy of you!"

"All men flatter all women——but their wives; it is strange how this little ring robs us of our perfections. Till they are married

men think we alone can make their happiness—afterwards they require a hundred adjuncts."

"I shall not be tried, for I shall never marry!"

"Never marry!"

"No; all I seek from life is friendship; I have no mother, no sister; a woman who would condescend to let me be her friend would never repent it—will you let me be yours?"

"It is a great blessing to have a friend. In life there are a thousand trifles, little trials, slight sorrows we do not like to disturb those who love us most with, and yet which need assistance and sympathy. Many men adore women, but their adoration is useless in the daily wants of life. If I were in danger I would rush to Hubert for protection; but if a thorn scratched me, however painful, he would only laugh at me. He often thinks me, as I daresay I am, foolishly sensitive; he does not often comprehend me."

"I understand, for I am of that nature myself. I can offer you sympathy, and I can understand you from never having been understood myself. Let me be your friend, dear—Mrs. Spencer."

"Well, we will be very good friends, and to seal the compact of our friendship, let us return to the ball-room and work for the popularity of the new member."

"Spencer shall not complain of my lukewarmness in his case. I will move heaven and earth, the highest and the lowest powers that be, to give him, and he shall be M. P. in six weeks."

The speakers rose and moved back to the rooms. I had heard as one spell-bound. I had never moved.

"The old sweet tale," as Heine says, "so sweet, so sad—" My thoughts were confused; so I had spoken to her, so had I felt when she was Warburton's wife—"falsehood to falsehood." In the darkness I felt my mother's eyes were fixed piercingly on me, and the strangely menacing aspect of Veronica, standing as I had seen her on that last fatal day, recurred to me.

What do I feel?—am I jealous—angry—scornful? I laugh, laugh with a bitterness which is almost convulsive, and then I pause. Is that game to be played with me—and yet what was it that disturbed me? Am I not sure of Marian's virtue? Oh God!

CHAPTER VI.

The next morning a large party assembled at the breakfast-table. Marian, instead of breakfasting as usual in her own room, was in her place at its head. I looked at her, and, for the first time since I had known her, observed her as a stranger might have done. I seemed divested, as by some sudden lucidity, of the magnetic "rapport," so to speak, between us.

She wore a piece of lace over her head, knotted under the chin with some rose-colored ribbon. She was certainly and incontestibly beautiful. Why did that beauty excite something resentful in me?—a passionate and indignant vindictiveness, as if some weapon was upheld against me by an enemy.

Her little Nina, who had grown into a bewitching tiny coquette of nine years old, was seated near her. Lord Lascelles was playing with the child as if he saw no one else, not even its mother. The conversation at my end of the table turned on the ensuing election, and the prospects of the county. With an effort I bent my mind to attention and took part in it. My friends seemed surprised that a man who had lived so long abroad, who had a certain loose foreign guise in his dress and habits, knew so much, not only of the ins and outs of English politics generally, but was versed in many intimate details of the tangled web of party traditions at Speynings. I rose immediately in their estimation, and the conversation became general and animated. Some of the ladies offered themselves to aid us in our electioneering expeditions, and there was a general cry—

"We must enlist you, Mrs. Spencer."

Marian laughed and shook her head.

"You have my best wishes, as you may suppose, Hubert, but I am afraid I shall not be of much use. I am so foolishly shy on occasions of that kind, that I should do more harm than good. The people would think me proud while I was simply awkward."

She blushed as she spoke.

I saw Lord Lascelles leave off whispering to Nina and listen to her. I knew how he would admire such graceful feminine timidity. I had a torturing intuition of all he would feel. What a wretched sensation this umbra of myself—this mocking tautology of all I had undergone in the Warburton era—gave me.

At last the ladies rose, and we men sat somewhat longer over our cold coffee, newspapers, and cigars. Lord Lascelles sat silent, cutting with his knife various indentations on some bread on his plate, lost in thought.

The horses were ordered, and we all went to prepare for a round of calls, to feel as it were the pulse of the place, to ascertain our strength and our weakness—to discriminate between our allies and our opponents.

Before I left, faithful to long habit, I ran in to Marian's boudoir to bid her good-bye (it was at the opposite side of the house from the entrance), but she was not there. I crossed the hall and found all my friends—Lascelles included—mounted.

As we passed the house Marian stood at the window of the library with Nina at her side. She kissed her hand to me as we rode by. It was as pretty a picture as one might wish to see of the lady of the castle sending out her lord on some chivalric and perilous adventure.

"Why are you punishing that poor brute so unmercifully, Spencer?" said Mr. Mannering, a very old friend of my mother, who rode behind me, "you stuck your spurs into the poor jade as if you had some refractory 'Blue' on hand."

I smiled, and Mr. Mannering did not see that I smiled in scorn at myself. I was an idiot to be so moved—a coward to be so irritable—about what? The experience of the irrevocable past gave me foregone conclusions, which I used to poison the present.

I was ashamed of myself. Was I a prey to that most humiliating of pangs a man may endure, jealousy of a woman he does not esteem? Mr. Mannering here rode up and asked me if it would not be advisable to call at the Rectory. Mr. Maynard was a popular man, an exemplary clergyman—"not a meddling parson"—and connected with me by marriage. He would be a most useful ally.

We turned our horses' heads, and rode through the little wood which divided the glebe land from the park, and leaving the horses to the grooms, entered.

Mr. Maynard was alone in his study, and our interview was most satisfactory. He knew most of his parishioners intimately. He offered to make out a list, which he thought might be useful to me. While he was writing it, he proposed we should go into the drawing-room and see his wife.

My conscience smote me at this zealous good-nature, for I had never been especially civil to Maynard. His wife was Marian's sister, and that circumstance, which should have drawn us together, had divided us; there had never been any congeniality between Marian and Nora, and I had insensibly acquiesced in Marian's tone. Maynard himself was a gentlemanly, scholarly fellow—certainly the very reverse of a "meddling parson," and he had accepted with dignified indifference the indirect ostracism to which he had been subjected.

I was not, therefore, prepared for the instant aid he proffered me, and the sincere interest which I saw he took in my success.

We found Nora alone. She was not so cordial in her reception of us as her husband. Nora's manner had always been impulsive and somewhat abrupt. The very softness of her sister seemed to goad her into a kind of perverse combativeness, but her marriage had improved and refined her. To me, of late, however, she had always been cold and distant. Fanny was not visible, but a chair drawn to the table near some writing implements seemed to have been only just vacated. Since our last interview I had never by any chance seen Fanny near enough to address her. I had a sore, uncomfortable feeling at my heart with regard to her. It seemed that the only person who judged me fairly, and so judging, condemned me, was she, my mother's protegee—she, the playmate of my childhood—she, the companion and friend of my youth!

My mother's dying words were full of forgiveness and tenderness; but while Fanny remained estranged, the forgiveness did not seem complete and entire; and yet how could I retrace the steps which had divided us.

On the very few occasions on which Mr. and Mrs. Maynard had visited us, they had always been alone; and the two or three times we had dined with them Fanny was absent. She and Marian had never met since the latter's marriage.

I was thinking of these things while Mannering and the others were talking to Nora, and then, finding myself unnoticed, I slipped back to the library to ask some more questions of Maynard.

To my surprise I found Fanny standing beside him, reminding him of names, and adding comments, which revived apparently his recollection of them, while he wrote them down. Their backs were to me, and they did not see me enter; but she was speaking with a good deal of earnestness and animation. I went up to her.

"I am so glad to see you once more, and I thank you from my heart." My voice faltered in spite of myself.

"If you mean for sending you that—that packet—I ought to apologize rather for not sending it earlier. The reason of the delay was first my own absence from Speynings for many months after your marriage, and then some difficulties in receiving it from the persons who had taken care of it during my absence."

She spoke coldly and formally. It was still war then. I was hurt. I bowed in silence, and turned away.

"Thanks, Maynard: you have been really most kind."

"Why, it is a catalogue *raisonne*, with a vengeance," said Mannering, looking over the list, as he entered. "I see our way clearly now. How surprised these good yeomen would be to know how thoroughly you had read them, Maynard! 'A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,' and all that sort of thing, eh?"

He and the others were introduced to Fanny; and then, after many apologies to Maynard for our wholesale incursion, and thanks for his valuable assistance, we took leave. I shook hands almost warmly with him, but I merely bent in acknowledgment of Fanny's all but scornful salute.

How expressive was her face, I thought, of contempt and aversion. How could she but despise me! This I was compelled to avow to myself.

There was a good deal of conversation among the others, but I rode on silently.

The scenes I had witnessed, or rather the words I had overheard the night before, were like a stone dropped into a pool. Where it had broken the surface, a series of ever-widening circles testified the disturbance, and continued it. So many remembrances were evoked, which brought with them so much of sickening resemblance of the feelings which Lord Lascelles had avowed, that, combined with the impatience of pain engendered by long selfishness, I was really on a moral rack. A spark left to smoulder has often caused a conflagration, and I shrunk, with a sense of boding ill, from these retrospections, from the evil they aroused, from the still greater evil they might create. But I was forced to command myself. I obliged myself to talk and jest, and tried thus to exorcise the evil spirit.

We did a good deal of business, had luncheon at a most friendly farmer's, and we obtained golden opinions, in the literal and figurative sense, from all.

"Well, our young Squoire looks puny and white locks; but he's jest real English at heart, for all that. What say you, Bill? And Mr. Mannering is a foine one, to be sure."

Such exclamations would sometimes reach us, and amuse us.

Towards sunset we took the road towards Speynings, tired and hoarse with our exertions. Lord Lascelles had been most strenuous in talking, laughing, joking, and had certainly been of great assistance; but there was an absent air about him when we were all riding together, which I could not fail to notice.

"I have just been thinking, Spencer," said the gay, good-humored Mannering, "that you enjoy a positive monopoly of beauty at Speynings. It is not fair at all to the rest of England. First, there is Mrs. Spencer. Consider that I cry 'chapeau bas' when I name her. Then, Mrs. Maynard, who has the blackest hair, parted on the whitest forehead I have ever seen in woman. Then, lastly—by no means least—Miss Egerton; what a fine young woman!"

"Not exactly a fine young woman, Mannering; she is so very small."

"Yes, I know she is; but there is a manner, a pose of the head, nevertheless that is very fine. There is something so frank and true in her expression; and you remember those lines,

> "And truth might for its mirror hold
> That eye of matchless blue."

"No."

"I dare say not; Scott is not appreciated as he was in my days. Well, as I said before, it isn't fair; and were I a younger man, I think I should try to carry off the single lady at all events. What say you, Lascelles?"

"I beg your pardon; I did not hear you. What were you talking about?"

"Miss Egerton's beauty."

"Ah!"

Mannering looked at him with surprise at the listless "Ah!" and then shrugged his shoulders, and muttering something which sounded like "soft in the head," went on with me.

We were now on the grounds with Speynings, and saw that some of the ladies had come out to meet us. We had to undergo a storm of questioning and congratulation and expostulation before we were allowed to dismount. At last we did so, and I went in. I did not see Marian. I was told she and Nina were on the terrace.

I was glad to be alone for a few minutes. I threw myself on a chair, and buried my face in my hands. I had been interested and amused with my morning's work while I was employed in it; but now I thought not of ambition and its prospects: the bitter taste of the Dead Sea fruit was making itself felt; and, in the reaction, after work, its acrid flavor was perceptible and nauseous. To the hardest man there is a pang in the conviction that there is no love in his life. Very subtly and imperceptibly had I acquired this knowledge; but it was there. As I sat brooding over the consciousness, I heard sounds of merriment on the terrace.

In the library, where I was sitting, a large window, or rather glass door, communicated with a flight of steps, which led to the terrace. Half mechanically I went towards it, glad to escape from myself.

A good many of the party were assembled there, and Nina was running about, flashing in and out among them, like a bright-colored butterfly, so gay was her dress, so light her step. Marian was there too, leaning against the balustrade of the terrace, and bending over to feed a peacock below. The bird was a magnificent one, and wheeled about in the most stately manner, the rays of the setting sun glittering on his plumage and crested head with a most dazzling effect. Marian's figure was grace itself as she thus stood, with the royal bird following every motion of her white hand. I could see her distinctly from where I was: and I saw Lord Lascelles, with all the fatigue and ennui off his face, standing beside her, conversing with her.

Mannering was not many yards off, talking to the others, and there was nothing which the most jealous or suspicious husband could have the hardihood to cavil at. Yet I clenched my hands and there was a curse at my heart, if not on my lips, as I turned abruptly away.

The indolent nonchalance of Marian's attitude was so familiar to me: it was thus she allowed the poor fool whom her beauty had bewitched to gaze upon it with supreme indifference as to the result. Had any one warned her, she would have answered, "Why blame me that I am fair?" and with the same inexorable logic as Victoria Corombona she would have argued:

> So may you blame some fair and crystal river,
> For that some melancholic distracted man
> Hath drowned himself in't.

But I started at myself, as these lines rose to my mind. Did I place on the same evil equality the beauty I had so worshipped, and the baleful fascinations of "the White Devil?"

If, as Stendahl tells us, Love is crystallization, the process through which the poor bare twig is invested with its glittering jewels and exquisite form, is not more instantaneous than that which dissolves the charm and reduces it to its naked insignificance—in some cases to its repulsive worthlessness.

But this is folly, I thought. I am getting morbid. That letter unhinged me, and poisoned my interpretation of Marian's words to Lascelles. He may admire her, as all must; but let me be fair, and give her the credit of having more taste and good sense than to distinguish a person who has nothing but the handle to his name to make him remarkable. Without vanity, I may flatter myself that in all else I am his equal, if not superior. I cannot think so ill of her judgment as not to be aware of this.

Alas was I yielding to the Warburtonian delusions! Into what abysmal depths of blind conceit is it allotted to husbands always to fall! How easily we forget that in all matters of mere flirtation the status of husband is, *per se*, a disadvantage, and that to a coquette there is a more racy flavor in the admiration of the veriest fool than in the legitimate homage of the man who has bestowed on her his name. However, I tried to rouse myself. I made a resolution not to be oppressed by shadows, but to prove myself a man who would not delude himself, or allow others to deceive him. There might have been something in my own behaviour lately which had insensibly chilled Marian. It should be amended. A certain kind of desperation gave me courage.—It was, after all, an overwhelming sorrow to see the idol to which so many costly oblations had been offered crumbling into dust. There was pain in every good and in every evil fibre of my nature at witnessing its fall, and I would save it if I could.

That day at dinner I made an effort to be more cheerful than usual. I was usually a very silent person, but I now exerted myself, and was as animated and brilliant as Mannering. We were all merry, with the exception of Lascelles, who cut a poor figure among us, leaning back in his chair, stroking his moustache.

Marian joined in the conversation, and appeared amused by it.

Mannering was praising extravagantly the beauty of her sister.

"Yes. Nora is very handsome, and yet I remember, when a child, my poor mother was in despair about her personal appearance. She was very dark, and the only one of us who was dark, and I believe the nurses thought she must be a changeling. But it was quite the case of the ugly duckling. It was marvellous how she improved as she grew up, till she was at last always recognized as the beauty of the Comptons."

"Her coloring is wonderful, the very red lips, the clear paleness of the cheek, and the jet black hair."

"Yes; and it is rare in England, where the hair, eyes, and skin are rather in harmony than in abrupt contrast."

These words were very simply, gently said, but they did not enhance the beauty they spoke of.

"And by way of showing how varied is beauty, there is Miss Egerton, whose face and form are in so different a type."

"Yes; Miss Egerton is the perfection of prettiness. She always reminds me of a shepherdess on Sevres china, so delicate and mignonne."

"Not exactly, Mrs. Spencer: there is more mind in her face, more character, and, above all, more will. Watteau's shepherdesses are all roses and hoops."

"Well, I should say, dressed in that style, there would be a resemblance. At all events, nothing can be prettier than she is."

Again—was it the tone, or what subtle meaning was there in the words that was antagonistic to a favorable impression. In spite of myself, I answered her with some asperity:

"Fanny's beauty is not only undeniable, but it is singularly expressive of herself. That limpid purity of complexion, and that exquisite regularity of outline, are symbolical, I think, of great innocence of heart, and an inexpressible genuineness, if I may so term it, of character."

"I quite agree with you, Spencer," said Mannering.

"And so do I," said Marian; "it is, as I said before, consummate prettiness." And with a smile which circled the whole table, but which rested, I fancied for a moment on Lascelles, she rose and left the room.

We drew our chairs closer after the ladies had left the room, and resumed our political conversation. I threw myself into it with an ardor and zeal which quite delighted my immediate partisans. Some of the party, however, slipped away, and at last, none but those more immediately concerned were left. We arranged our plans for the next few days, and drew up an address. While thus occupied, a letter was brought in to me. It was from Maynard. He told me that the contest would be a sharp one, the other candidate was already in the field, and we must bestir ourselves. He mentioned some voters living in an outlying farm at some distance whom he thought we had better secure as early as possible. The letter was most friendly. We determined to set off the next morning, Mannering and I alone, and then we adjourned to the drawing-room.

Tea had long been over, and we had heard music. We reached the door in time to hear Lord Lascelles conclude a masterly prelude, and then in a mellow, cultivated tenor sing the following love-song:

> Heart to heart, and lip to lip,
> Bend thine eyes on mine!
> Let me feel thy lashes sweep
> With their curve divine,
> O'er thy cheek and mine.
>
> Let me feel thy bosom's throbbing:
> Start not, child, at mine!
> Wouldst thou hush its bitter sobbing,
> Soothe this heart of mine?—
> Let it break 'gainst thine!
>
> Closer, closer, let thy breath,
> Balmy vapor, blend with mine;
> Thus united, pitying Death
> Passes over mine—
> Merged, absorbed in thine.
>
> Loose thy hair in glittering fold,
> Angelwise o'er mine—
> Let the mingled black and gold
> (Light and shade) entwine,
> Like thy fate and mine!
>
> Guiltless now our fond caresses,
> Thou art wholly mine!
> Death anoints the brow he presses,
> And the shining sign
> Seals me his and thine!

It was a beautiful, passionate air, and he sang it with an expression which gave force to his words.

Some of the ladies whispered together behind their fans.

"*Tant soit peu leste*," said one man into Mannering's ear.

Mannering shrugged his shoulders, and touched his forehead significantly.

"Something wrong there, or here," he said tapping his own broad breast.

Marian looked with surprise towards the piano, and when the player, after a pause, began some wild march, an almost imperceptible smile passed over her lips.

I noticed, however, that during his stay at Speynings, Lascelles never sang again, during the evenings. I sometimes heard him in the morning, when the audience was entirely feminine.

To a person so morbidly self conscious as I was, it was not strange that when I went down stairs again to write some letters ere I went to bed, I thought over the feelings which the day had called forth; but through all and over all was the wonder that with the grief, with the pain, with the resentment, there came no soft, relenting, yearning feelings of love. Love was dead. Its mermaid caves, its siren halls, its nereid songs were over, and dark amidst the waves of life rose the new earth which had been slowly amassed beneath the waters. Vague suspicion, accusing memories, slow experience, had dropped their unhallowed seed, till the whole had accumulated into one stratum of alienation.

But though love was dead, I avowed myself jealous. There is a jealousy which is of love, there is a jealousy which is of pride. *I knew Marian.* I knew that what the world called honor was safe; but I was not prepared to go through a drama similar to that of the Grange and of Vienna; but with the parts changed. Lascelles must go, and it would not be my fault if he returned.

Before I left the library, I took out my mother's letter from the drawer in which I had placed it, and unlocking an old desk of hers, which contained some of her papers, I touched the spring of a secret drawer in which I intended to place it. The drawer was empty, with the exception of an ornament which I had been accustomed to see her wear, and which she must have placed there with her own hands, and had afterwards forgotten. It was a small diamond cross. The diamonds were very fine, and set in dark blue enamel. On a label attached to the cross were the words:

"For Fanny."

I was rejoiced at this. I was glad that Fanny should possess what she must value as having belonged, and been almost sanctified with one she so loved, and I was more than glad that Marian would never wear it. I determined to take it, or send it to the Rectory the next day.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

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CHAIN ARMOR FOR SHIPS.

We see it stated, we know not on how good authority, that five of our ships at New Orleans were chain armor, and were thus able to defy both the forts and the iron rams of the rebels. "Chain cables," it is said, "were spiked on over the whole hulls of these vessels to a point a short distance below the water line, the chains overlapping each other, and constituting a coat of mail perfectly impenetrable to any ram in existence. This armor is on the principle well known of old in constructing suits of mail, and against it the rebel cannon and rams would be powerless. Our wooden vessels had also been painted mud color, to escape as far as possible attracting the shots of the enemy. Now, when we consider these mail clad ships, and the fact that they were all powerful steamers, it is easy to see that they might run down and sink any of the rebel floating batteries. This accounts for the inefficiency of the latter, and the fact that they were destroyed by the rebels themselves to prevent their falling into our hands."

If the above be true, and it does not seem very improbable, we are anxious to learn just how many years ago our English friends adopted the same plan. No doubt chain armor for ships will be found to be, according to the British Admiralty, quite an ancient thing in England, and doubtless has been improvised on several occasions in English naval warfare. Not long since also, probably, a chain armor target was put up at Shoeburyness, and knocked all to pieces by an old-fashioned smooth-bore gun.

THE NAVAL REVOLUTION.

The *Daily Telegraph*, a London penny paper of large circulation, comments as follows on the recent battle of the Ironsides in Hampton Roads:—

"Not long ago, in a complacent article about the maritime power of England, we congratulated our countrymen upon possessing a navy of one thousand ships-of-war. To-day we are to warn them that the Queen of the Seas has only four ships afloat to maintain her proud and necessary supremacy. The balance has neither disappeared under the waves nor succumbed to an enemy—they have been simply 'snuffed out' by the battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac. We repeat, and we urge it upon the country, that, for the purposes of war, the *Warrior*, *Black Prince*, *Resistance*, and *Defence*, are all the vessels of England."

THE TAX BILL.

We trust that Congress, before passing the tax bill now before it, will give proper consideration to the simple plan of taxation advocated by the commercial interests of Boston, New York and Philadelphia. The general principles of this latter plan are a specific impost on a few staple articles, such as spirits, malt liquors, tobacco and cotton, and in addition a small tax, say one per cent., on all sales made either by manufacturers or by merchants. The Boston suggestion of a plan of collection by the sale of stamps, without which stamps no receipt for money would be good in law is also well worthy consideration.

It is estimated that from $35,000,000 to $40,000,000 can be raised on the four leading articles mentioned above. The amount of sales made every year may be estimated, taking the average of various mercantile estimates, at $10,000,000,000. A tax of one per cent. on these sales would produce a revenue of $100,000,000; making with the specific impost, say $135,000,000. This sum, in addition to the revenue from the tariff and public lands, it is thought would be sufficient.

It is of the greatest importance that the tax bill, should be so framed as to press with as little weight as possible upon the great business interests of the country—that it should avoid a needless meddling with men's private affairs, and needless investigation into their households—and that no extensive swarm of tax-gatherers should be rendered necessary to add fresh burdens to those which rest already so heavily upon the community.

MONEY AND BUSINESS.

Business affairs are brightening every day. In the early spring our merchants began to fear that no business at all was to be done this year; but during the last month a change has come over the spirit of their dream. Some houses have been so thronged with buyers, as to be almost unable to wait upon them, and all the indications are of a healthy and rapid revival of business affairs.

In the money market, the indications are equally favorable. Stocks are going up, and the government loans are eagerly sought after. The seven per cent. Treasury Notes are already above par, selling at 103. The six per cent. loans are at par. A victory at Richmond or Corinth would put them still higher.

With the close of the rebellion as a war, its continued existence as a mere armed disaffection for a time longer, will interpose but a slight check to the revival of trade and business. If, therefore, our armies should prove victorious in Virginia and the South-West, we may reasonably look for a speedy return to the old prosperity of the Union.

THE REBEL POLICY.

According to the *Norfolk Day Book*, the rebels are determined to hazard everything to retain possession of Norfolk and Richmond. The Richmond correspondent of the *Day Book* says:—

Norfolk and Richmond must be defended at all hazards, and it is high time your forces should be more than doubled. Your city and the Navy Yard are of equal importance with Richmond. Not only is Norfolk and the Navy Yard of inestimable value to us, but the county of Princess Anne is indispensable in this crisis.

The delegation from South Carolina and Georgia waited on the President before Congress adjourned, and urged him to withdraw the troops from those States, and at all hazards defend Richmond and Norfolk, and I think they are coming. Indeed, you would have thought so, if you had seen, as I did, on Wednesday last, the South Carolina regiment, from Sullivan's Island, 1,300 strong, pass Chester, twelve miles from Richmond, and heard cheer after cheer resound through the forest for "Old Virginia—she must and shall be free!" I conversed with a South Carolina officer on the same trip, who said that Savannah may be surrendered, and Charleston, too, but Richmond never. He said defend Richmond and Norfolk, cost what it may.

You have noticed in the papers a short account of President Davis's speech, lately made at Rocketts, to the soldiers passing to Yorktown. It was the best short speech I ever heard him make. He said, so far as he was concerned, he would continue this war for twenty years, rather than one inch of Virginia soil should be surrendered. So let us hear no more about surrendering Virginia.

Other accounts state that speeches have been made by their generals to the rebel troops at Yorktown, exhorting them to fight to the last, for their leaders had resolved to stake everything on the result of the coming battle.

Advices from the national troops report them to be in the best spirits, and confident of success. The conduct of the rebels in not contesting more desperately the formation of the works which are now beginning to menace them, would almost lead to the inference either that they are short of ammunition, or that they intend to evacuate their present and outer line of defences without a serious struggle, as they did at Centreville and Manassas.

The great battle may occur, however, to the north of Richmond, as McDowell, one account says, has occupied Fredericksburg, and will doubtless soon push forward his advance to feel the strength of the rebels in that quarter. We should not be surprised, for several reasons which it is needless to specify, if the enemy fell back to the neighborhood of Richmond before giving battle.

The above was put in type on Saturday last, and on Sunday afternoon came the news of the evacuation of Yorktown, and the retreat of the rebels. We still adhere to the conviction that the rebels will fight a great battle for the possession of Richmond and Norfolk, unless so very greatly outnumbered in force as to make it utter madness.

BIG GUNS.

We see it stated that Mr. Parrott recently has made important improvements in his guns and missiles, "calculated" to upset a good many notions of invulnerability, and perhaps furnish a new topic for European discussion. If the war lasts a few years, America will probably give more new ideas to the world upon military subjects, than Europe has originated during a century.

COTTON NO KING.

The Norfolk Day Book is forced to confess that the cherished belief of "the supremacy of cotton" was a delusion, and that there are now "none so poor as to do it the reverence" of raising the blockade which confines it to the states in which it is cultivated. It acknowledges that "hog and hominy are far more important than cotton and tobacco," and earnestly advises all farmers to plant cereals, and to cultivate the indispensable supplies which form the staples of northern agriculture.

Cotton not only is no longer king, but has sunk into the position of the lowest menial, and is making the fires of rebeldom. First the rebels were disposed to worship Cotton as a god—and now they cry, "burn him! burn him!" Poor King Cotton!—"oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!"

How sensible men could ever have allowed the idea to enter their heads that any one interest of mankind could successfully lord it over all the rest, is difficult to see. But, once in, probably nothing but an experience like the present unpleasant one, could ever get it out again. It seems to be out now, however, and it is no longer treason to Jeff. Davis to tell Cotton he is a humbug, and cannot carry out what he had promised to perform. "Hog and hominy," says a rebel journalist, "are far more important than cotton and tobacco." Why not then adopt the Hog as the rebel king?—and, for a standard, a Hog rampant, with an ear of corn in its mouth? That would be both neat and symbolic.

A CHIVALRIC MORAL.

In a "History of Domestic Manners and Sentiments in England during the Middle Ages," by Thomas Wright, recently published, the following account is given:—

"The Chevalier de la Tour Landry tells his daughters the story of a woman who was in the habit of contradicting her husband in public, and replying to him ungraciously, for which, after the husband had expostulated in vain, he raised his fist and knocked her down, and kicked her in the face while she was down, and broke her nose. 'And so,' says the knightly instructor, 'she was disfigured for life; and thus through her ill behaviour and bad temper, she had her nose spoiled, which was a great misfortune to her. It would have been better for her to be silent and submissive, for it is only right that words of authority should belong to her lord, and the wife's honor requires that she should listen in peace and obedience.'"

WILLIAM H. CRUMP, for many years past connected with the Philadelphia newspaper press, died on Sunday week, at his residence, in Camden, N. J. He was a native of Bath, England, aged 63 years, and a graduate of Eton College.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS REALIZED; OR, CIVILIZING MOUNTAIN MEN. By Mrs. ELLEN H. B. MASON—eighteen years connected with the Highland clans of Burmah. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. New York: Blakeman & Mason. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Chicago: Church, Goodwin, and Kenny.

A remarkably interesting book, deserving the attention which it will probably receive from the public.

In so characterizing it, it is to the matter rather than the manner of the narrative that we allude. The little egotisms, trivialities, inconcruences, and dramatic "situations" of the book no doubt lend liveliness to its pages, but are often at variance with its professed aims, and not unfrequently jar the reader's feelings no less than they shock his taste.

In the introduction, narrating the author's early life and experiences, and in the remarkable poems which bedeck her pages, egotism, and a sentiment which we will soften, as the Phrenologists do, by calling it "largely developed approbativeness" are peculiarly prominent, and may prepare the reader unfavorably for the account of her missionary labors. But it is a certain truth, that selfhood (by which we do not mean its coarse development, selfishness,) is sometimes made the agent of use in just such works as this of carrying Christianity and civilization to savage nations. It kindles zeal for a cause which may be made a person's very own, and which is then carried forward with an enthusiasm which no other motive could in that case supply; and when that cause is the carrying the Gospel to the heathen, the written Word can be left to do its own work irrespective of the messenger.

We would not be understood, however, to ascribe altogether to such a source the zeal which carried forward the writer of this book to such a work as that in which she has been made the instrument in India. Her sincerity, warmth of feeling, and earnest wish to further the best interests of those she worked for, are unquestionable. And the work has been a great one. Wonderful is the change that has been made in those barbarians of the Foongboo mountain districts, the Karen tribes of India, since the time that Mr. and Mrs. Mason, the first whites that ever penetrated their district, opened to them the story of the One who came "to seek and save that which was lost," and put into their hands the Bible translated into their own tongue. No history we know of has shown more distinctly that it is *through* Christianity only that the simplest elements of the Christian moral law can be brought to bear on those savage lives, and that civilization follows after, not goes before.

It is odd enough that Mrs. Mason nearly always mentions cleanliness as the very first result of their new faith; then follows book learning, which is sought for and received with the greatest avidity. Geography and astronomy seem to be the studies which most of all "hit the hearts" of these wild people, to use their own idiom. Progress in the industrial arts does not seem to follow so rapidly or certainly, but that is a phase of civilization which will no doubt come in its due season.

The work has now passed into the hands of native missionaries and teachers, male and female, and these Karens will probably be disseminators of the truths they have gained through all the heathen tribes of India, till a throb of new life may quicken Asia from the frozen torpor of ages.

A few extracts will serve as specimens of the liveliness of Mrs. Mason's style of narrative, and show at the same time how fervidly earnest are these poor barbarians in their groping for light and life.

"Moored again further up the Sittang, a woman appears on the shore with an eye I cannot mistake; I am sure that is a Pwo Karen, though she is dressed in the Talaing robe.

"'Sister,' I say, 'have you any husband?'

"'Lady! white lady! you speak Pwo!' Instantly she was at my feet entreating me to go to her house, and could scarcely be restrained from bearing me away. On reaching her house I commenced reading the Gospel of Matthew in her language. With the true Karen spirit she couldn't be content to receive so much pleasure alone.

"'Teacheress, read! read!' she says to me eagerly; having assembled all the neighbors.

"I read the Pwo, she translates into Talaing for a whole hour, the Talaing women quite as much delighted as the Karens, for they never before heard of Christ, and not one of them can read at all in any language.

"Suddenly I stop, and strike up in Pwo:

"'Alas! and did my Saviour bleed.'

The men, hearing the singing, throw aside their cabs and baskets, and assemble round the house, pressing up the ladder.

"'Hark! what's this? Crack! Crack! and crash! we all go on the ground.

"'Read on! read on!' cries the Karen women. 'Light! light! give us light!' So there I sit among the ruins, and read the stories of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection, and certainly I never felt so near the judgment. We are in the middle of the account of Christ casting out devils:

"'What's that? what's that, lady?' Tell that devil-story again! Yasu Krick kill the devils!'

"We read it again, when the man—a fine-looking Karen of some thirty-five years—steps out:

"'Lady, lady! you see this cord (the nut-cord worn on the wrist), there!' wrenching it off; 'never again will I offer to sag lord but Jesus Christ!' This was really a very decided act, for usually the nut-cord is the last thing Karens will give up.

"On our returning two years after, we learned that this man had been baptized, and was the leading deacon of a little Christian church at or near his own village."

"'Lady, lady! hear! We like this! It hits our hearts! Give us rice—just one meal. We will keep your holy day and worship.—We wish to hear, but we are poor men. Lady, hear! Yonder, on those mountains, are our wives, our little ones. Lady, we cannot buy. If we buy, and stay here idle, our wives, our little ones, die. Pity us, good lady! We have only mats, baskets and seeds. Lady, hear! Give us just once, only once. We will fast the rest.'

"This pleading came from the lips of half-a-dozen tall, armed chieftains, from the hills of Founghoo. We had been telling them they should keep the Sabbath day holy, and not return on God's holy day.

"What could I do? 'May I give them?' I questioned eagerly of my husband.

"'You cannot; there is not a rupee in the treasury for any such purpose.'

"'Husband, God will send it. Only say I may try,' I plead again.

"'It is certainly rash; but if you must go to work on faith, then go to work.'

"Oh, how my heart bounded! How happy I was! I shall not try to tell you, reader; but immediately I bought a basket five feet square, filled it with rice, and also two dozen rice chatties, or cooking pots. Also, a little fish and salt, and each group of ten were provided with cooking vessels. Of course they cooked for themselves.

"So it continued for four weeks. But, then, what was gained? This. Crowds of heathen men, some heads of families, others heads of houses and villages, have listened four Sabbath days and nights to the Scriptures. Listened, too, as few heathen ever do listen, quietly, solemnly.

"At night they strewed the floor all over every room, every corner, but our bed-room, so that I was obliged to tell them to pull up their heels to make a path for me to go through, for they put their heads together, and heels together, as close as they could stowe themselves. The interests manifested was intense, burning, past all description.

"Our six native preachers were planted over the whole area, one in a corner, their own arrangement, and there they would lie and question, the assistants answering till it seemed as if they must be utterly worn-out."

The extremely degraded position of woman among these people, is an evil which Mrs. Mason labored heartily to rectify. Some of her anecdotes are ludicrous enough; for instance that of the Burman who, on visiting her, took his seat on the dining-table that his head might not be lower than hers. Signs of a change of sentiment in this respect appeared before she left India. Whether she will return, if possible, to the field of her labors, she does not say, but it is to be presumed that she and her husband will not willingly withdraw their sickles while the harvest is still so plenteous, and the laborers so few.

THE RATS LEAVING THE SINKING SHIP.—The *Richmond (Va.) Examiner*, makes fun of the sudden "scampering adjournment" of the rebel Congress. It says that if Richmond falls, it will not be a sudden tumble, and that there will be plenty of time to run in. It says, "If the Confederate Government is worth a rush it will defend Richmond to the last, for the leaving of it, though it will give up to ruin many thousands of its citizens, will not be less fatal to the government itself. Nothing will remain for the heads of that government but speedy resignation to escape a load of execration and infamy such as would crush the greatest conqueror and despot that has ever ruled the world. They had better seek death on the field that will decide the fate of the capital than attempt to prolong a nomadic existence at Montgomery. Hence it may be safely predicted that they will defend this place with all the force they can command."

☞ It is the custom for many parents to take the entire family to camp-meeting, and to prevent confusion the little folks have tickets pinned to their dresses, with the number of the tent they occupy written thereon. At the last camp meeting at Martha's Vineyard, a bright little lad was observed among the throng of visitors, who was ticketed thus:—"Tent No. 14—do not give this boy any candy."

☞ A physician very satisfactorily accounts for the fact that mittens are warmer than gloves, "for the same reason that four children would be warmer in one bed than sleeping alone." It is the superabundance of caloric in "mitten" that makes a young man's face and ears so red when Miss Caroline says no.

NEWS ITEMS.

CHARLES J. MORRIS, of Scarboro, Maine, who failed in business in 1846, and settled with his creditors for twenty-five cents on the dollar, has recently paid the balance of the original amounts in full. At the time of the failure he resolved, if possible to make up the difference to his creditors, and with this purpose constantly in his mind he has labored and economized till he has accomplished his honorable purpose, and says, what he calls, "the happiest day of his life."

BAD FOR MR. SWINEY.—Mr. Swiney, of Fayette, Missouri, a large slaveholder and a Unionist, at the commencement of the rebellion, becoming alarmed for the safety of his "chattles," sent about sixty to Texas for greater protection. A few months ago he sent a neighbor to bring them back. The gentleman on his return reported that they had all been confiscated.

PARSON BROWNLOW continues at Hilton, near Crosswicks, N. J., the residence of Robert E. Peterson, Esq., indefatigably employed in writing up, from notes and diaries which he made, and fortunately was able to preserve, his book of prison and patriotic experiences. It will be published, in about a fortnight, by Mr. G. W. Childs.—*Philadelphia Press.*

OIL is sent down the Alleghany river from Oil City and Tidioute in boxes. They are made tight, 16 by 18 feet, and are filled from the wells or tanks along the creeks; twenty are fastened together to form a river fleet. This fleet is run to Pittsburg, where the oil is put into barrels and forwarded to market.

IN Nashville, business houses and hotels keep posted placards, inscribed "*No Southern money taken here*," and Confederate notes are valued about as much as the same amount of brown paper, but the United States Treasury Notes pass at par in all transactions.

ARMING THE CONTRABANDS.—It is stated positively, in letters from Washington, that the Secretary of War has determined to have "contrabands" uniformed, armed and equipped at the forts captured on our southern coast. The orders have been issued for the requisite supply of arms and uniforms. The Zouave style of dress has been selected, with braided jackets and baggy red trowsers.

DEPORTATION.—The cost to the Government of deporting negroes to Liberia, Hayti, and Chiriqui from New York and Fortress Monroe, will be $35 each to the former, and $25 to the other places.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL THOMAS recently stated to Senator Fessenden and Mr. Stevens that we had seven hundred thousand soldiers in the field in defence of the Union.

IT is stated that there are fifty thousand of the sons of Pennsylvania in the army of the Potomac, under McClellan, McDowell, Banks, and Geary.

A FLAG of truce from Norfolk, on the 29th ultimo, brought down Parson Brownlow's family. They bring the report that all the Union families of Tennessee have been ordered, by proclamation, to leave, and that one hundred persons out of a party of four hundred had been murdered while attempting to escape to Kentucky.

THE President recently transmitted to the Senate a message, to the effect that General Stone was arrested at his (the President's) instance, and by his order, and that Gen. Stone should have as speedy a trial as possible; it being at present impossible to procure the necessary witnesses, who are now in active service in the field.

GEN. HALLECK telegraphed to the War Department that to Gen. Sherman more than any one else was due the redemption of the day at Pittsburg Landing. Gen. Halleck recommended that Gen. Sherman be appointed a Major-General. It is done.

THE Union forces in New Mexico have effected a junction, retaken Santa Fe, and expect to capture the rebels.

KANSAS MATTERS.—Gen. Sturgis has been ordered to Washington. Gen. Denver is ordered to New Mexico. The Department of Kansas has been separated from the Department of the Mississippi, and re-constituted with the same boundaries as when Gen. Hunter was in command. It is not yet decided to what General to assign it. Gen. Blunt is temporarily in charge.

OCCUPATION OF FREDERICKSBURG.—It is stated that General McDowell had finished throwing a pontoon bridge across the Rappahannock, at Fredericksburg, and at daybreak on the 1st his advance had crossed the river, and taken full possession of the town. (Also denied.)

VESSELS that go South, excepting in the employ of the Government, no matter what may be their cargo, will be seized and confiscated.

GEN. SIGEL is reported convalescent, and ready to take the field again.

THE surrender of Fort Macon was conditional, the garrison being allowed to take with them their papers and the side arms of the officers. The cannonade lasted ten and a half hours, and the enemy lost 7 men killed and a number wounded. The U. S. breaching batteries were planted behind heavy sand hills 1,100 feet distant from the fort, and the mortar batteries 1,400 feet distant.

CAPT. WORDEN, of the Navy, with dispatches from General Burnside, reports that Fort Macon was taken after eleven hours' bombardment. Four hundred prisoners were taken. Col. White, late of the Ordnance Department, U. S. A., commanded Fort Macon. The loss on our side was one killed and 11 wounded.

COM. HOLLINS passed through Columbia on Saturday en route for Richmond. He is amazed at the fall of New Orleans, and stated that there were a hundred heavy guns in position between Fort Jackson and the city; that the steamer Louisiana was ready and waiting; that numerous boarding parties were organized to take the national vessels at all hazards, and that the gunboat Mississippi, though unfinished, could, if necessary, be brought into action.—*Rebel Paper.*

THE rebel Gen. Gladden had died of his wounds received at Shiloh.

AT Fort Wright, General Price is in command. Foote is preparing to make a general attack on the place.

A MEETING has been held in Memphis, at which it was determined to burn the city on the approach of the U. S. fleet. (Doubtful.)

A LOYAL citizen named Thomas Webster, has been hung at Richmond as a spy.

IT may be a matter worthy of remembrance that in New Hampshire, on the third week in April, 1862, the farmers were hauling wood to the railway stations on the top of the snow, "across lots," without regard to roads or fences.

MCCLELLAN OPENING HIS BATTERIES ON YORKTOWN.—From Gen. McClellan's army we learn that he has opened batteries on the rebels at Gloucester.

At Yorktown on the 2nd, there was a grand artillery combat, the rebels opening fire with their heaviest siege guns and being replied to by ours. In the course of the firing the largest rebel gun, a columbiad, burst into a thousand pieces, tearing up the works and making havoc with every person near it. If the weather continues fine, look out for important events.

☞ It appears from all accounts that the rebels have given up the planting of cotton, and put in grain instead. This looks as though King Cotton were dead, and King Corn reigned in his stead.

OCCUPATION OF NEW ORLEANS AND BATON ROUGE.

A BATTALION OF MARINES OCCUPYING THE CITY—GENERAL BUTLER WITHIN A FEW MILES OF THE CITY WITH THE TROOPS.

The following are the only additional items regarding the fall of New Orleans that can be gleaned from the Norfolk and Richmond papers:—

Commodore Farragut had proposed terms of capitulation to Mayor Monroe, which the latter had accepted, and the city, at the last accounts, *was held by a battalion of marines from the squadron.*

General Butler's forces were within a few miles of the city, having landed on lake Pontchartrain.

Information was received in Norfolk, April 30th, that Capt. McIntosh, the supposed commander of the gun-boat Louisiana, at New Orleans, had been badly wounded. When or where was not stated. From the same source it is learned that Capt. Thomas Huger, supposed to be the commander of the McRae, was mortally wounded in the same engagement.

A special dispatch to the Chicago Tribune says:

We have news from Com. Foote's fleet that intelligence has been received from Memphis of the advance of the United States forces in Louisiana, and the capture of Baton Rouge and the confederate arsenal.

FROM PITTSBURG LANDING.

General Halleck has ordered General Thomas, the victor of Mill Spring, to Pittsburg Landing, to take command of the army formerly under command of General Grant, of which the divisions of McClernand and Lew. Wallace constitute the reserve, with McClernand in command. Grant retains command of his district, and ranks second in command to Halleck.

We have at length the full official returns of the loss of our army at the great battle of Shiloh, and it is fearful, footing up 13,768, of whom there were killed 1,735, wounded 7,882, missing 3,958.

Gen. Wallace has occupied Purdy, where the rebel left wing had rested.

There is some important event transpiring at Pittsburg Landing, but the transmission of the news is prohibited.

GEN. HUNTER'S CERTIFICATES OF FREEDOM.—General Hunter is issuing, in South Carolina, certificates of freedom to such negroes as are by law entitled to manumission, from having been compelled to serve under the rebel flag. The form is as follows:—

It having been proven, to the entire satisfaction of the General commanding the Department of the South, that the bearer, heretofore held in involuntary servitude, has been directly employed to aid and assist those in rebellion against the United States of America:

Now, be it known to all, that, agreeable to the laws, I declare the said person free, and forever absolved from all claims to his services. Both he and his wife, and his children, have full right to go north, south, east or west, as they may decide.

Given under my hand, at the head-quarters of the Department of the South, this nineteenth day of April, A. D. 1862.

D. HUNTER,
Major-General Commanding.

BEAUREGARD'S INTERCEPTED DISPATCH.—The Cincinnati Commercial's correspondent with Gen. Mitchell's army gives the following explanation of the manner in which Beauregard's dispatch was taken at Huntsville:—

The lines were broken at a point beyond Huntsville, and Beauregard's dispatch was received at Huntsville, and was being prepared by the operator there to be forwarded by locomotive to Chattanooga, and thence repeated by telegraph to Richmond, when Gen. Mitchell surprised the town, and instantly seized the telegraph office. Gen. Mitchell himself solved the cipher after an hour's study. There is no doubt as to the genuineness of the dispatch. Beauregard lost not less than 30,000 men in killed, wounded and prisoners, and in sick, used up and panic-stricken during his movement from Corinth upon Pittsburg Landing.

☞ Mr. Charles Dickens has been invited to visit the Australian Colonies and give readings from his works in the chief towns during one year, all his expenses being paid, and he receiving the clear sum of £7,000 ($35,000.) A distinguished American manager has gone abroad to offer him even a larger sum than this to give readings in the United States.

☞ A Connecticut match maker puts postscript on his advertisement of "Superior Friction Matches:" "N. B.—I would here caution the boys not to come and see my darters unless they think of striking up a match. Their time is money, for I keep them to work. I suppose they must get husbands now while they are young, if ever, and therefore you fellers that really want wives, come on. But you who only want to joke and take up the gals' time stay away from the factory if you please."

☞ Dickens says of a mother who died with her babe on her bosom: "Clasping that light spar with her arms, she drifted out upon the dark and unknown sea that rolls around the world."

☞ "The clouds begin to break," said Harriet, during yesterday's rain. She was impatient for an opportunity to go shopping. "Just so," was the answer as the speaker glanced from the window, "they leak bad enough to be sure."

☞ The Louisville Democrat reports a happy old darky as exclaiming:—"Bress de Lord, hallelujur, dat dis old nigger should lib to see dis ere happy time, when white men must hab a pass to move about, and nigger go where him please widout one."

☞ We should so live and labor that what came to us as seed, may go to the next generation as blossoms, and what came to us as blossoms may go to them as fruit.

☞ "Colonel Skinner of Texas," who was going it on "a high figure" before the right kind of audiences, thus settled a long-disputed fact in history and "elevated" himself:—"Feller citizens," said he, with a very knowing look, "I was at the battle where Tecumsey was killed—I was! I commanded a regiment there—I did! I'm not gwine to say who *did* kill Tecumsey—I won't! But this much I will say: Tecumsey was killed by one of my pistols; and, gentlemen, I leave it to your knowledge of human nature if a man would be very apt to lend out his pistol on an occasion of that sort."

LATEST NEWS.

EVACUATION OF YORKTOWN.

YORKTOWN AND GLOUCESTER OCCUPIED BY UNITED STATES TROOPS.

The Cavalry and Flying Artillery in Pursuit of the Rebels.

The Merrimac Guarding James River.

Jamestown and Mulberry Island Evacuated.

ADVANCE OF GEN. HALLECK.

RETREAT OF BEAUREGARD FROM CORINTH.

Rout of the Rebels at Farmington.

FROM FORT WRIGHT.

The Rebels Defeated in New Mexico.

MISCELLANEOUS, &c.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, May 4, 9 o'clock, A. M.

To the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—We have the enemy's ramparts, their guns, ammunition, camp equipage, etc., and hold the entire line of his works, which the engineers report as being very strong.

I have thrown all my cavalry and horse artillery in pursuit, supported by infantry. I move Gen. Franklin's division, and as much more as I can, by water up to West Point to-day. No time shall be lost. Our gunboats have gone up York river.

I omitted to state that Gloucester is also in our possession. I shall pursue the enemy to the wall.

(Signed) G. B. MCCLELLAN,
Major-General.

Dispatch from General Wool.

FORTRESS MONROE, May 4, 4 o'clock P. M.

To the Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—You no doubt have been informed by Gen. McClellan that his troops are in Yorktown.

JOHN E. WOOL, Major-General.

From the Army Correspondent of the Associated Press.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, May 4.

This morning at 5 o'clock your correspondent entered the enemy's works, which the rear of their army deserted four hours before.

Everything was found to be in utter confusion, as though they left in great haste. Between 40 and 50 pieces of heavy artillery have been left in their works, after being spiked, together with a large amount of ammunition, medical stores, camp equipage, tents, and the private property of their officers.

A negro who was left in the town states that the rebels threw a large amount of ordnance stores into the river to prevent their falling into our hands.

Several deserters have succeeded in running into our lines. One of them was a very intelligent man from New York, who had been connected with the ordnance department ever since the works at Yorktown had been constructed. He states that the rebels evacuated owing to the near approach of our parallels covering the immense siege works of our men. That they feared the success of the Union gun-boats in the York and James rivers, by means of which their communication with the outer world would be cut off.—The order was given to evacuate by General Johnston on Thursday, to commence the following morning, which was accordingly done.

Gen. Magruder is said to have most strenuously opposed the measure, stating that, if they could not whip the Federals here, there was no other place in Virginia where they could, and that he swore in the presence of his men, who vociferously cheered him, losing complete control of himself.

Gen. Robert E. Lee, the commander-in-chief, arrived in Yorktown on Wednesday, and minutely examined the works of McClellan, when he is supposed to have recommended the abandonment of the works, deeming them untenable. The deserters all agree in stating that their troops were very much demoralized and dissatisfied when the order was made public, as they all anticipated having an engagement at that point. They also agreed in the statement that the rebels had 100,000 men on the peninsula, with 400 pieces of field artillery.

From the best information received they have fallen back to Chickahoming Creek, beyond Williamsburg, where it is expected they will make a stand.

The Pursuit.

Immediately on the facts becoming known, the troops were ordered under arms, and are now in motion from the right and left wings of the army.

A large force, under Gen. Stoneman, consisting of cavalry, artillery and infantry, are on the advance, and will probably come up with the rear of the enemy before night, if they remain near Williamsburg.

The gunboats have passed above Yorktown, and are now shelling the shore on their way up. Following them is a large steamer and vessels loaded with troops, who will effect a landing.

Gen. Magruder swore he was not afraid of McClellan if Gen. Lee was.

Only one man was left in Yorktown, and he was a negro. Gen. Jameson and Col. Samuel Black were the first to enter the enemy's main works. The only casualty that occurred was the killing of two men and wounding of three by the explosion of a concealed shell within the enemy's works.

The works are very extensive, and show that they were designed by scientific engineers.

Seventy-One Guns Abandoned at Gloucester.

An official report just made to headquarters shows that the enemy left seventy-one guns in the works at Gloucester Point. The guns and ordnance stores were also left.

Another deserter has just come in, and reports that Jeff Davis came with Gen. Lee, on Wednesday last, and after a consultation with the most prominent officers, all agreed as to the evacuation except Gen. Magruder.

The Rebels Demoralized—Symptoms of Mutiny.

TORPEDOES BURIED IN THE ROAD—A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR MORTALLY WOUNDED—GEN. JOHNSTON'S BAGGAGE CAPTURED.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, May 4.—Evening.—It is certain that the rebels received reinforcements by steamer from Richmond on Thursday last, but they did not disembark.

The rebels are badly demoralized, and evince symptoms of mutiny on account of the retreat.

Inside the fortifications and along the Williamsburg road, on which they are retreating, they have buried torpedoes and percussion shell, which are occasionally exploding and injuring persons.

Gen. Joseph Johnston's baggage has just been captured.

D. B. Lathrop, a telegraph operator, has been mortally wounded by the explosion of a torpedo.

Another torpedo, attached to a 13-inch shell, has just been discovered in the telegraph office.

Mulberry Island and Jamestown Evacuated.

FORTRESS MONROE, May 4.—The Merrimac made her appearance beyond Sewall's Point at one o'clock to-day. She stopped off the Point, and up to four o'clock has not changed her location. She is not attended by any other gunboats, as usual, and it is supposed does not intend visiting us to-day.

The Monitor and other vessels of the naval fleet are all in readiness for action on short notice, and hoping she will come down.

The supposed design of the enemy is to endeavor to prevent any of our boats from entering James river to cut off the retreat from Yorktown.

Three deserters arrived this morning in a rebel schooner. They report the evacuation of Mulberry Island and Jamestown early yesterday morning.

Advance of Gen. Halleck.

DAILY SKIRMISH—FOUR HUNDRED GERMANS FROM A LOUISIANA REGIMENT DESERT IN A BODY.

CAIRO, May 4.—Intelligence from the army before Corinth has been received to 6 o'clock last night.

Gen. Halleck has moved his headquarters twelve miles toward this point, and our advance is now within two miles from the enemy's works. The entire advance is still pressing forward, and skirmishes between the advance and the rebels are of daily occurrence. The latter are making a slight show of resistance and then falling back.

On Thursday, 400 Germans, from a Louisiana regiment, who had been sent out from the rebel camp on guard duty, came into our lines in a body, with white flags on their guns, and gave themselves up as deserters.

The Memphis Argus says that Beauregard is moving large bodies of troops southward, and it was generally understood that Corinth was being evacuated, though Beauregard gave no information, and only said that Davis understood his movements. He had evacuated and burnt Purdy, toward which the United States troops were moving. He claims to have captured sixty prisoners in a skirmish.

Rout of the Rebels at Farmington—The Cavalry in Pursuit.

PITTSBURG LANDING, May 3.—The following dispatch, dated near Farmington, has been received at headquarters. A reconnoissance was sent toward Farmington, where the troops found the enemy, 4,500 strong, with four pieces of artillery and some cavalry, occupying a strong position near the town. Our forces advanced at once to the assault, and after a hard skirmish carried the position in handsome style. The enemy left thirty dead on the field, and all their tents and baggage, the cavalry pursuing them. The whole affair was very handsome, our regiments charging the battery and their line of infantry at the double quick. The enemy fled in wild confusion. A regiment of cavalry was sent through to Booneville, and took possession of the town. They tore up the railroad track, and destroyed two bridges. We have a good many prisoners, cannot tell how many yet. Our loss is two killed and twelve wounded.

JOHN POPE, Major-General.

From Fort Wright.

Threatened Attack upon Foote by Hollins.

CAIRO, May 3.—The river has fallen two inches in the last eighteen hours. A deserter at the fleet reports that Com. Hollins continues his preparations to attack Com. Foote, loudly boasting that he will sink the entire fleet, or drive them to Cincinnati. The rebels are continually throwing shells into the woods, between the fleet and the fort, and occasionally fire in the direction of the flotilla, but without effect, as the boats are all out of range.

The Rebels Defeated in New Mexico.

General Canby has pursued and attacked the enemy in southern New Mexico, at a place on the Rio Grande called Parillo, and defeated them.

Miscellaneous.

General Mitchell telegraphs that an expedition sent by him from Bridgeport, crossed the river May 1st, advanced towards Chattanooga, captured the stores and a Southern mail from the railroad hands, and produced a panic at Chattanooga. The enemy are removing all the property in the direction of the Atlantic. The rebel General at Bridgeport had been chastised by the rebels for cowardice. The rebels at Chattanooga had destroyed a saltpetre factory.

Gen. Burnside's forces have destroyed the Dismal Swamp Canal, to prevent the rebels from sending iron batteries through it from Norfolk against our fleet.

The United States steamer St. Jago de Cuba has captured, near Abaco, the rebel steamer Isabel, or Ella Warley, deeply laden with arms. The rebel steamer Nashville, also, had a cargo of arms, but had failed in an attempt to run the blockade. The St. Jago de Cuba has arrived at New York with her prize.

From Charleston we learn that the United States forces have captured a small battery of two guns, near White Point, 22 miles from Charleston.

From Western Virginia we have news that the rebels are abandoning Greenbrier county.

The captain and officers of the rebel steamer Sumter have arrived at Southampton from Gibraltar, the crew having been paid off, and the vessel was to be sold.

Jacksonville, Florida, Occupied by the Rebels.

NEW YORK, May 4.—The schooner C. M. Neal, from Jacksonville, which she left on the 20th ult., reports that place to be in possession of the rebels, with our gun-boats Pembina and Seneca anchored off the town.

☞ A couple of Kentuckians lately visited Boston, and sat down to dine at the "Revere House." Codfish-balls were served at the table, and one of the Kentuckians taking them for "corn-dodgers," proceeded to break one in two. Getting the scent of it, he turned to his partner, remarking, in a most solemn manner,—"Something dead in that, Tom!"

☞ George Peabody, the American banker in London, who has given the poor of that city the magnificent sum of $750,000, has given away to charitable objects no less a sum than $1,800,000. Few men have the opportunity of indulging in such magnificent generosity, and fewer still improve it.

☞ No doubt honesty is the best policy, but those who do honest things merely because they think it good policy, are not honest.

☞ Nothing is farther from earth than heaven; nothing is nearer than heaven to earth.

MY LADY'S FAREWELL.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

Go forth, go forth, my dearest;
The world is wild and wide,
But 'tis not that thou fearest—
Not that can us divide.
I bless the cross upon thy breast,
I kiss thee—lip and brow:
Go forth upon thy saintly quest,
And keep thy knightly vow.

Go forth, my bravest, boldest—
My own, my heart's delight;
This tear that thou beholdest
Stains not thy armor bright:
The Christian armor, bright as strong,
In which I made thee dress,
The sword, to hew down mortal wrong,
The breastplate, righteousness.

Go forth, my best beloved!
And trust in God's dear grace,
That, every foe removed,
Thou'lt meet me, face to face;
But if He not that guerdon gives,
Die, as a good knight dies;
I, living as a true maid lives,
We'll meet in Paradise. D. M. M.

A LIFE'S SECRET.

BY MRS. WOOD,

Author of "The Earl's Daughters," "The Mystery," "East Lynne," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A DESCENT FOR MR. SHUCK.

Things were coming to a crisis. The men had done their best to hold out against the masters; but they found the effort was untenable—that they must give in at last. The prospect of returning to work was eagerly welcomed by the greater portion of the men. Rather than hold out longer, they would have gone back upon almost any terms. Why, then, not have gone back before? may be asked. Because they preferred to resume work with the consent of the Union, rather than without it. A few were bitterly enraged at the turn affairs were taking—of whom Sam Shuck was chief. With the return of the hands to work, Sam saw no field for the exercise of his own peculiar talents, unless it was in stirring up fresh discontent for the future. However, it was not yet finally arranged that work should be resumed: a little more agitation might be pleasant first.

"It's a few white-livered hounds among yourselves that have spoilt it all!" growled Sam to a knot of hitherto staunch friends, a day or two subsequent to that conjugal dispute between Mr. and Mrs. Dunn, which you had the gratification of assisting at in the last chapter. "When such men as White, and Baxendale, and Darby, who have held some sway among you, turn sneaks, and go over to the nobs, it's only to be expected that you'll turn sneaks and follow. One fool makes many."

"There's something unusual going on in the street," cried he. "Let's see what it is."

They hurried out to the street, Sam leading the way. Not a genial street to look upon that wintry day, taking it with all its accessories. Half-clothed, half-starved emaciated men stood about in groups, their pale features and gloomy expression of despair telling a piteous tale. A different set of men entirely, to look at, from those of the well-to-do rollicking old days of work, contentment, and freedom from care.

Being marshalled down the street in as polite a manner as was consistent with the occasion, was Mr. James Dunn. He was on his road to prison; and certain choice spirits of Daffodil's Delight, headed by Mrs. Dunn, were in attendance, hooting and yelling at the capturers. As if this was not enough cause of disturbance, news arose that the Dunn landlord, finding the house temporarily abandoned by every soul—a chance he had been looking for—improved the opportunity to lock the street-door and keep them out. Nothing was before Mrs. Dunn and her children now, but the parish Union.

"I don't care whether it is the masters that have been in fault or whether it's us; I know which side gets the suffering," exclaimed a mechanic, as Mr. Dunn was conveyed beyond view. "Old Abel White told us true; strikes never brought nothing but misery yet, and they never will."

Sam Shuck seized upon the occasion to draw around him a select audience, and to hold forth to them. Treason, false and pernicious though it was, that he spoke, his oratory fell persuasively on the ear. He excited the men against the masters; he excited them to his utmost power against the men who had gone back to work; he inflamed their passions, he perverted their reason. Altogether, ill-feeling and excitement was smouldering in an unusual degree in Daffodil's Delight, and it was kept up through the live-long day.

Evening came. The bell rang for the cessation of work at Mr. Hunter's, and the men came pouring forth. The gas lamp at the gate shed a brilliant light, and the hands dispersed—some one way, some another. Those bearing towards Daffodil's Delight became aware, as they approached an obscure portion of the road, which lay past a dead wall, that it bore an unusual appearance, as if dark forms were hovering there. What could it be?

Not for long were they kept in ignorance. There arose a terrific din, enough to startle the unwary. Yells, groans, hootings, hisses, threats, were poured forth upon the workmen; and they knew that they had fallen into an ambush of the Society's men.

Of women also, as it appeared. For shrill notes and delicate words of abuse, certainly only peculiar to ladies throats, were pretty freely mingled with the gruff tones of the men.

"You be nice nine-hour chaps! Come on, if you're not cowards, and have it out in a fair fight—"

"A fair fight!" shrieked a female voice in interruption, "who'd fight with them? Traitors! cowards! Knock 'em down and trample upon 'em!"

"Harness 'em together with cords, and drag 'em along like beasts o' burden in the face and eyes o' London! Stick 'em up on spikes! Hoist 'em on the lamp-posts! Hold 'em head down'ards in a horse-trough! Pitch into 'em with quick lime and rotten eggs! Strip 'em and give 'em a coat o' tar! Wring their necks, and have done with 'em!"

While these several complimentary suggestions were thrown from the many different quarters of the assailants, one of them had quietly laid hold of Abel White. There was little doubt—according to what came out afterwards—that he and Robert Darby were the two men chiefly aimed at in this night assault. Darby, however, was not there. As it happened, he had turned the contrary way on leaving the yard, having joined one of the men who had lent him some of the money to get his tools out of pledge, and gone towards his home with him.

"If thee carest for thy life, thee'll stop indoors, and not go a-nigh Hunter's yard again to work!"

Such were the words hissed forth in a hoarse whisper into the ear of Abel White, by the man who had seized upon him. Abel peered at him as keenly as the darkness would permit. White was no coward, and although aware that this attack most probably had him for its chief butt, he retained his composure. He could not recognize the man—a tall man, in a large loose blue frock, such as is sometimes worn by butchers, with a red woollen cravat wound roughly round his throat, hiding his chin and mouth, and a seal-skin cap, its dark "ears" brought down on the sides of the face, and tied under the chin. The man may have been so wrapped up for protection against the weather, or for the purpose of disguise.

"Let me go," said White.

"When thee hast sworn not to go on working till the Union gives leave."

"I never will swear it, or say it."

"Then thee shall get every bone in th' body smashed. Thee'st been reported to Mr. Shuck, and to the Union."

"I'd like to know your name, and who you are," exclaimed White. "If you are not disguising your voice, it's odd to me."

"D'ye remember Baxendale? *He* wouldn't take the oath, and he's lying with his ribs stove in."

"More shame for you! Look you, man, you can't intimidate me. I am made of sterner stuff than that."

"Swear!" was the menacing retort; "swear that thee won't touch another stroke o' work."

"I tell you that I never will swear it," angrily and firmly returned White. "The Union has hoodwinked me long enough; I'll have nothing to do with it."

"There be desperate men around ye—them as won't leave ye with whole bones. You shall swear."

"I'll have nothing more to do with the Union; I'll never again obey it," answered White, speaking earnestly. "There! make your most of it. If I had but a friendly gleam of light here, I'd know who you are, and let others know."

The confusion around had increased. Hot words were passing everywhere between the assailants and the assailed—no positive assault, as yet, save that a woman had shaken her fist in a man's face and spit at him. Abel White strove to get away with the last words, but the man who had been threatening him struck him a sharp blow between the eyes, which caused the sparks to fly.

Another instant, and he was down. If one blow was dealt him, ten were from as many different hands. The tall man with the cap was busy with his feet; and it really seemed by the manner he went into the pastime, that his whole heart went with it, and that it was a heart of revenge.

But who is this, pushing his way through the crowd with stern authority. A policeman? The men shrank back, in their fear, to give him place. No; it is only their master, Mr. Clay.

"What is this?" exclaimed Austin, when he reached the point of battery. "Is it you, White?" he added, stooping down. "I suspected as much. Now, my men," he continued in a stern tone, as he paced the excited throng, "who are you? which of you has done this?"

"The ringleader was him in the cap, sir—the tall one with the red cloth round his neck, and the fur about his ears," spoke up White, who, though much maltreated, retained the use of his brains and his tongue. "It was him that threatened me, and was the first to set upon me."

"Who are you?" demanded Austin of the tall man.

The tall man responded by a quiet laugh of derision. He felt himself perfectly secure from recognition in the dark obscurity; and though Mr. Clay was of powerful frame, more than a match for him in agility and strength, let him dare to lay a finger upon him, and there were plenty around to come to the rescue.

Austin Clay heard the derisive laugh, subdued though it was. He took his hand from within the breast of his coat, and raised it with a hasty motion—not to deal a blow, not with a pistol to startle or menace, but with a dark lantern!

No pistol could have startled them as did that sudden flush of bright light, thrown full, as it was, upon the tall man's face. Off flew the man with a yell, and Austin coolly turned the lantern upon others.

"Bennet—and Strood—and Ryan—and Cassidy!" he exclaimed, recognizing and telling off the men. "And *you*, Cheek! I never should have suspected you of sufficient courage to join in a thing of this nature."

Cheek, midway between shaking and tears, sobbed out that it was "the wife made him;" and Mrs. Cheek roared out from the rear, "Yes, it was, and she'd have shook the bones out of him if he hadn't come."

But that light, turning upon them everywhere, was more than they had bargained for, and the whole lot moved away in the best manner that they could, putting the stealthiest and quickest foot foremost; each one devoutly hoping, save the few whose names had been mentioned, that his own face had not been recognized.

Austin, with some of his workmen who had remained—the greater portion of them were pursuing the vanquished—raised Abel White. His head was cut, his body bruised, but no serious damage appeared to have been done. "Can you walk, with assistance, as far as Mr. Rice's shop?" asked Austin.

"I dare say I can, sir, in a minute; I'm a bit giddy now," was White's reply, as he leaned his back against the wall, being supported on either side. "Sir, what a mercy that you had that light with you!"

"Ay," shortly replied Austin. "Quale, there's the blood dripping upon your sleeve. I will bind my handkerchief round your head, White. Meanwhile, one of you go and call a cab; it may be better that we get him at once to the surgeon's."

A cab was brought, and White assisted into it. Austin accompanied him. Mr. Rice was at home, and proceeded to examine into the damage. A few day's rest from work, and a liberal application of sticking plaster, would prove efficacious in effecting a cure, he believed. "What a pity but the ruffians could be stopped at this game!" the doctor exclaimed to Austin. "It will come to attacks more serious, if they are not."

"I think this will do something towards stopping it," replied Austin.

"Why? Do you know any of them?"

Austin nodded. "A few. It is not a second case of impossible identity, as was Baxendale's."

"I'm sure I don't know how I am to go in home in this plight," exclaimed White, catching sight of his strapped-up face and head in a small looking-glass hanging in Mr. Rice's surgery. "I shall frighten poor old father into a fit, and the wife too."

"I will go on first and prepare them," said Austin, good-naturedly.

Turning out of the shop on this errand, he found the door blocked up. The door! nay, the pavement—the street; for it seemed as if all Daffodil's Delight had collected there. He elbowed his way through them, and reached White's home. There the news had preceded him, and he found the deepest distress and excitement reigning, the family having been informed that Abel was killed. Austin reassured them, made light of the matter, and departed.

Outside their closed-up home, squatting on the narrow strip of pavement, their backs against the dirty wall, were Mrs. Dunn and her children, howling pitiably. They were surrounded with warm partisans, who spent their breath sympathising with them, and abusing the landlord.

"How much better that they should go into the work-house," exclaimed Austin. "They will perish with cold if they remain there."

"And much your masters 'ud care," cried a woman, who overheard the remark. "I hope you are satisfied now with the effects of your fine lock-out! Look at the poor creatur, a sitting there with her helpless children."

"A sad sight," observed Austin, "but *not* the effects of the lock-out. You must look nearer home."

To the intense edification of Daffodil's Delight, which had woke up in an unusually low and subdued state, there arrived, the following mid-day, certain officers within its precincts, holding warrants for the apprehension of some of the previous night's rioters. Bennett, Strood, Ryan, and Cheek were taken; Cassidy had disappeared.

"It's a shame to grab us!" exclaimed timid Cheek, shaking from head to foot. "White himself said as we was not the ringleaders."

While these were secured, a policeman entered the home of Mr. Shuck, without so much as saying, with your leave, or by your leave. That gentleman, who had remained in-doors all the morning, in a restless, humble sort of mood, which imparted much surprise to Mrs. Shuck, was just sitting down to dinner in the bosom of his family; a savory dinner, to judge by the smell, consisting of rabbit and onions.

"Now Sam Shuck, I want you," was the startling interruption.

Sam turned as white as a sheet. Mrs. Mrs. Shuck stared, and the children stared.

"Want me, do you?" cried Sam, putting as easy a face as he could upon the matter. "What do you want me for? To give evidence?"

"*You* know. It's about that row last night. I wonder you hadn't better regard for your liberty than to get into it."

"Why, you never was such a fool as to put yourself into that!" exclaimed Mrs. Shuck, in her surprise. "What could have possessed you!"

"I!" retorted Sam; "I don't know anything about the row, except what I've heard. I was a good mile off from the spot when it took place."

"All very well if you can convince the magistrates of that," said the officer. "Here's the warrant against you, and I must take you on it."

"I won't go," said Sam, showing fight; "I wasn't nigh the place, I say."

The officer was peremptory—officers generally are in these cases—and Sam was very foolish to resist. But that he was scared out of his senses, he would probably not have resisted. It only made matters worse; and the result was, that he had the hand-cuffs clapped on. Fancy Samuel Shuck, Esquire, in his crimson neck-tie with the lace ends, and the peg-tops, being thus escorted through Daffodil's Delight, himself and his hands prisoners, and a tail the length of the street streaming after him.

You could not have got into the police court. Every avenue, every inch of ground was occupied; for the men, both Unionists and non-Unionists, were greatly excited, and sought to hear the proceedings.

The five men were placed at the bar—Shuck, Bennet, Cheek, Ryan, and Strood; and Abel White and his bandaged head appeared against them.

The man gave his evidence. How he and others—but himself, he thought, more particularly—had been met by a crowd the previous night, upon leaving work; how the crowd had first threatened and then beaten him.

"Can you tell what their motive was for doing this?" asked the magistrate.

"Yes, sir. It was because I went back to work. I held out as long as I could, in obedience to the Trades' Union; but I began to think I was in error, and that I ought to return to work; which I did, a week ago. Since then, they have never let me alone. They have talked to me, threatened and persuaded me; but I would not listen; and last night they attacked me."

"What were the threats they used last night?"

"It was one man did most of the talking: a tall man in a cap and comforter, sir. The rest of the crowd abused me and called me names, but they did not utter any particular threat. This man said, would I promise and swear not to do any more work, in defiance of the Union; or else I should get every bone in my body smashed. He told me to remember how Baxendale had been served, and was lying with his ribs stove in. I refused; I said I would never belong to the Union again: and then he struck me."

"Where did he strike you?"

"Here," putting his hand up to his forehead. "The first blow staggered me, and took away my sight, and the second blow knocked me down. Half a dozen set upon me then, hitting and kicking me; the first kicked me also."

"Can you swear to that first man?"

"No, I can't, sir. I think he was disguised."

"Was it the prisoner, Shuck?"

White shook his head.

"It was just his height and figure, sir, but I can't be sure it was him. His face was partially covered, and it was nearly dark, besides; there are no lights about, just there. The voice, too, seemed disguised: I said so at the time."

"Can you swear to the others?"

"Yes, to all four of them," said White, stoutly. "They were not disguised at all, and I saw them after the light came, and knew their voices. They helped to beat me after I was on the ground."

"Did they threaten you?"

"No, sir. Only the first one did that."

"And him you cannot swear to? Is there any other witness who can swear to him?"

It did not appear that there was. Shuck addressed the magistrate, his tone one of injured innocence.

"It is not to be borne that I should be dragged up here like a felon, your worship. I was not near the place at the time; I am as innocent as your worship is. It is not likely *I* should lend myself to such a thing: my mission among the men is of a higher nature than that."

"Whether you are innocent or not, I do not know," said his worship; "but I do know that this is a state of things which cannot be tolerated. I will give my utmost protection to these workmen; and those, who dare to interfere with them, shall be punished to the extent of the law: the ringleaders especially. A person has just as much right to come to me and say 'You shall not sit on that bench; you shall not transact the business of a magistrate,' as you have to prevent these industrious men working to earn a living. It is monstrous."

"Here's the witness we have waited for, please your worship," spoke one of the policemen.

It was Austin Clay who came forward. He bowed to the magistrate, who bowed to him; they occasionally met at the house of Mr. Hunter. Austin was sworn, and gave his evidence up to the point when he turned the light of the lantern upon the tall assailant of White.

"Did you recognise the man?" asked the bench.

"I did. It was Samuel Shuck."

Sam gave a howl, protesting that it was *not*—that he was a mile away from the spot.

"I recognized him as perfectly as I recognize him at this moment," said Austin. "He had a woollen scarf on his chin, and a cap covering his ears, no doubt assumed for disguise, but I knew him instantly. What is more, he saw that I knew him; I am sure he did, by the way he slunk off."

"Did you take the lantern with you purposely?" asked the clerk of the court.

"I did," replied Austin, "A hint was given me in the course of yesterday afternoon, that an attack upon our men was in agitation. I determined to discover the ringleaders, if possible, did it take place, and not to let darkness baffle justice, as was the case in the attack upon Baxendale. For this purpose I put the lantern in readiness, and had the men watched when they left the yard. As soon as the assault began, my messenger returned to tell me."

"You hit upon a good plan, Mr. Clay."

Austin smiled.

"I think I did," he answered.

The proceedings were pretty long, but they terminated at length. Bennett, Strood, and Ryan were condemned to pay a fine of £5 each, or be imprisoned for two months. Cheek managed to get off. Mr. Sam Shuck, to whom the magistrate was bitterly severe in his remarks—for he knew perfectly well the part enacted by the man from the first—was sentenced to six months at the treadmill, without the option of a fine.

What a descent for slippery Sam!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Who is the most unpopular officer with some of the ladies?—General Housework.

KITTY'S CHOICE.

FROM "SYBELLE AND OTHER POEMS," BY L.

A wealthy old farmer was Absalom Lee,
He had but one daughter, the mischievous Kitty;
So fair and so good and so gentle was she,
That lovers came wooing from country and city.

The first and the boldest to ask for her hand
Was a trimly dressed dandy who worshipped her—"fin:"
She replied with a smile he could well understand,
"That she'd marry no ape for the sake of his skin!"

The next was a merchant from business retired,
Rich, gouty and gruff, a presuming old sinner;
Young Kitty's fair form and sweet face he admired,
And thought to himself, "I can easily win her."

So he showed her his palace, and made a bluff bow,
And said she might live there, but wickedly then,
Kitty told him she long ago made a rash vow,
"Not to marry a bear for the sake of his den!"

A miser came next; he was fearless and bold
In claiming his right to Miss Kitty's affection;
He said she'd not want for a home while his gold
Could pay for a cabin to give her protection!

Half vexed at his boldness, but calm in a trice,
She curtseyed, and thanked him, and blushingly then,
Demurely repeated her sage aunt's advice,
"Not to marry a hog for the sake of his pen!"

The next was a farmer, young, bashful and shy,
He feared the bold wooers who came from the city;
But the flush on his cheek and the light in his eye,
Soon kindled a flame in the bosom of Kitty.

"My life will be one of hard labor," he said;
"But, darling, come share it with me if you can."
"I suppose," she replied, gayly tossing her head,
"I must marry the farm for the sake of the man!"

MURMURING.

BY MRS. STEPHENSON.

I was tired of washing dishes; I was tired of drudgery. It hadn't always been so, and I was dissatisfied. I never sat down a moment to read, that Jamie didn't want a doughnut, or a piece of paper to scribble on, or a bit of soap to make bubbles. "I'd rather be in the penitentiary," I said one day, "than have my life teased out so," as Jamie knocked my elbow, when I was writing to a friend.

But a morning came when I had one plate less to wash—one chair less to set away by the walls in the dining-room; when Jamie's little crib was put away in the garret, and it has never come down since. I had been unusually fretful and discontented with him that damp November morning that he took the croup. Gloomy weather gave me the headache, and I had less patience than at other times. By-and-by he was singing in another room, "I want to be an angel," and presently rang out the metallic croup. I never hear that hymn since that it don't cut me to the heart; for the croup cough rings out with it. He grew worse towards night, and when husband came home, he went for a doctor. At first, he seemed to help him; but it merged into inflammatory croup, and was soon over.

"I ought to have been called in sooner," said the doctor.

I have a servant to wash the dishes now, and when a visitor comes, I can sit down and entertain her, without having to work all the time. There is no little boy worrying me to open his jack-knife, and there are no whittlings over the floor. The magazines are not soiled with looking at the pictures, but stand prim and neat on the reading table, just as I leave them.

"*Your* carpet never looks dirty," say weary worn mothers to me. "Oh, no," I mutter to myself, "there's no muddy little boots to dirty it now." But my face is weary as theirs—weary with sitting in my lonesome parlor at twilight—weary with watching for the little arms that used to twine around my neck—for the curls that brushed against my cheek—for the young laugh which rang out with mine, as we watched the blazing coal-fire, or made rabbits with the shadow on the wall waiting merrily together for papa to come home. I have the wealth and ease I longed for, but at what a price! And when I see mothers with grown-up sons driving to town or church, and my hair silvered over with gray, I think what might have been, had I murmured less at the providence of God. Reader—young mother you may be—had you heard this mother tell her story, you would have felt to say with the writer—"I will be more patient with my little ones; I will murmur less."—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

A Chinese Curiosity.—We have a copy of a Chinese oath, taken by some California Celestials, in all cases where they have occasion to swear before the Courts of the State. It is a piece of bright yellow Chinese paper, about 8 by 14 inches square, upon which are printed a variety of characters resembling somewhat the peculiar chirography of the "Philadelphia lawyer," of ancient memory, whose handwriting Satan himself would be puzzled to decipher. The translation is as follows: "Now in the presence of the great Mandarin, in the tribunal do I give my evidence to speak according to the truth. If in my wanton heart I should utter false words, or deceive, may the Spiritual Intelligence (God) crush me! Wherefore I specially burn this paper (upon which is subscribed the oath) before Imperial Heaven for illumination and examination." The signatures to this strange document is affixed at the centre, instead of the end, as we sign such papers in America, and the oath is burned in the presence of the court or jury before which it may be taken.

☞ The value of gambling apparatus seized by the police in New York by recent raids is estimated at $1,000.

THE MODEL YOUNG WOMAN.

1. A model young woman takes care of her health by a proper observance of its laws in all ways, but especially so in regard to diet, dress and exercise. Her diet is simple. Her dress is so constructed as to be comfortable and warm without impending locomotion, of the lower extremities especially. She exercises frequently in the open air, thus bringing the flush of health to her cheek, and sending healthy life-blood unhindered by tight lacing to every part of her system.

2. She is modest. Modesty is synonymous with chastity or purity of manners. An affectation of modesty is sometimes seen among women, but wherever this is witnessed it is a sure evidence that the genuine article is missing; for that is always unaffected and natural. "Unaffected modesty is the sweetest charm of female excellence; the richest gem in the diadem of female honor." Modesty is natural to woman; it may be preserved by cultivating only the sweetest and the purest thoughts.

3. She has good taste. "Taste is a nice perception, or the power of perceiving and relishing excellence in human performances: it is the faculty of discerning beauty, order, congruity, proportion, symmetry, or whatever else constitutes excellence." It is not altogether natural, nor is it wholly acquired, but it may be highly cultivated.

Good taste manifests itself in dress, conversation, and general appearance; and will regulate all her intercourse with others, especially those of the opposite sex. It will abash vulgar and encourage and strengthen the good. Modesty and good taste build around the possessor a strong tower of defence.

4. She is intelligent. She acquires intelligence in all suitable ways, especially by observation, reading, and conversation. She looks upon the world as a great volume of facts around her, wrought out by the Almighty Artificer, and proper for her to study and in the tiny leaflet or the granite boulder, she sees the work of God, and endeavors to understand it. She reads good books carefully, and tries to make the facts and ideas therein her own. Her conversation is with the wise and good, and in it she is constantly receiving or giving truth. She knows but little of what is called "small talk," and she never practices it—such food is not agreeable to her intellectual appetite.

5. She is emotional. As a well-toned harp, she will answer immediately and accurately to the finest and most delicate touch of the player, so her heart feels deeply and acutely. The recital of the sorrows of others finds an answering chord in her heart which echoes responsively the bitter wail. And the sight and the sound of joy in others makes her heart leap up as leaps the bird, which, rising from its lowly nest toward Heaven, sings with quivering melody its song of praise and gladness.

6. She is self sacrificing. She is always ready to make sacrifices of her time, or labor, or anything which she can for those in whom she feels an interest. And this is no mark of weakness in her, but it is noble. Jesus manifested the same spirit, and it is one of the noblest traits exhibited in His character.

7. She is affectionate. She loves every loveable thing. Love is the mainspring of all her actions. She labors for those whom she loves because she loves them. And such is the intensity of love that no sacrifice can be demanded of her so great that she will not make it for them.

8. She is pious. Her soul is the abode of her Saviour. In the light of religion she walks as if treading upon a rock. Here she acquires her decision and strength to deny herself, and to refuse to do wrong with as much firmness as she would do right with cheerfulness. This is the keystone to the arch of her character, supporting and beautifying the whole, with the crown of light and purity surmounting all the rest; and sitting there as the cloven tongues sat, on the day of Pentecostal baptism, upon the disciples.

The hindrances to the formation of such a character are, bad company, bad habits, and bad books. Eschew these and take firm hold of the opposites, and any young woman of ordinary cultivation, can form and maintain a character like that described above. Young women, you can give this subject your careful and thoughtful consideration.

LITTLE AND PRECIOUS

Everything is beautiful when it is little, except souls; little pigs, little birds, little kittens, little children. Little martin-boxes of houses are generally the most happy and cozy; little villages are nearer to being atoms of a shattered Paradise than anything we know of. Little fortunes bring the most content, and little hopes the least disappointment. Little words are the sweetest to hear, and little charities fly furthest, and stay longest on the wing. Little lakes are the stillest, little hearts are the fullest, and little farms the best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs the dearest loved. And when Nature would make anything rare and beautiful, she makes it little; little pearls, little diamonds, little dews.

Agur's is a model prayer, but then it is a little prayer, and the burden of the petition is for a little. The Sermon on the Mount is little, but the last dedication discourse was an hour. The Roman said, *veni, vidi, vici*—I came—saw—conquered; but dispatches nowa-days are longer than the battles they tell of.

Everybody calls that little that they love best upon earth. We once heard a good sort of a man speak of his little wife, and we fancied she must be a perfect *bijou* of a wife. We saw her; she weighed two hundred and ten! we were surprised. But then it was no joke; the man meant it. He could put his wife in his heart, and have room for other things besides; and what was she but precious, and what *could* she be but little.

☞ Victor Hugo has received about eighty thousand dollars for the copyright of "Les Miserables," his new romance.

MEMORIES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I but a child and he a man,
Like spring and autumn weather,
As out upon the world we stood,
By strange fate linked together.

But all things change and so did we;
I up from child to woman;
He growing statelier as a man,
Seemed more to me than human.

The world grew brighter day by day—
Love hath no time for sorrow;
The golden hills are ours to climb,
The vale is for the morrow.

Love wove a web with subtle skill,
All dyed with bright hued flowers,
That gleamed and glistened in our path,
As sun on April showers.

We built a castle in the air,
Of it there are no traces,
Save but some fancied memories,
That haunt us like strange faces.

The castle vanished like our dreams,
But we've a better treasure;
As in a glass face answereth face,
So heart gives heart its measure.

And now across our path there lies
In fair or cloudy weather,
A hope that we shall mount at last
The hills of light together.

CAROLINE A. BELL.

Philadelphia, April, 1862.

THE CHANNINGS.

BY MRS. WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "DANESBURY HOUSE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. JENKINS ALIVE AGAIN.

The quiet of the Sabbath-day was over, and Helstonleigh awoke on the Monday morning to the bustle of every-day life. Mr. Jenkins awoke, with others, and got up—not Jenkins, the old bedesman, but his son Joseph, who had the gray mare fore his wife. It was Mr. Jenkins's intention to resume his occupation that day, with Mr. Hurst's and Mrs. Jenkins's permission; the former's he might have defied; the latter's he dared not. However, he was on the safe side, for both had accorded it.

Mrs. Jenkins was making breakfast in the small parlor behind her hosier shop, when her husband appeared. He looked all the worse for his accident. Poor Joe was one whom a little illness told upon. Thin, pale, and lantern-jawed at the best of times—indeed, he was not unfrequently honored with the nickname of "scarecrow"—he looked now thinner and paler than ever. His tall, shadowy form seemed bent with the weakness induced by lying a few days in bed; while his hair had been cut off in three places at the top of his head, to give place to as many patches of white plaster.

"A nice figure you'll cut in the office, to-day, with those ornaments on your crown!" was Mrs. Jenkins's salutation.

"I am thinking to fold this broadly upon my head, and tie it under my chin," said he, meekly, holding out a square black silk handkerchief, which he had brought down in his hand.

"That would not hide the patch upon your forehead, stupid!" responded Mrs. Jenkins. "I believe you must have bumped upon the edge of every stair in the organ-loft, as you came down, to get so many different wounds!" she continued, in a cross tone. "If you ever do such a senseless trick again, you shan't stir abroad without me or the maid at your back, to take care of you, I promise you that!"

"I have combed my hair over the place upon my forehead," civilly replied Mr. Jenkins. "I don't think it shows much."

"And made yourself look like an owl! I thought it was nothing less than a stuffed owl coming in. Why can't you wear your hat? That would hide your crown and your forehead also."

"I did think of that; and I dare say Mr. Galloway would allow me to do it, and pardon the disrespect, in consideration of the circumstances," answered Jenkins. "But then, I thought again, suppose the dean should chance to come into the office to-day?—or any of the canons? There's no telling but they may. I could not keep my hat on in their presence; and I should not like to take it off, and expose the plasters."

"You'd frighten them away, if you did," said Mrs. Jenkins, dashing some water into the teapot.

"Therefore," he added, when she had finished speaking, "I think it will be better to put on this handkerchief. People do wear such, when suffering from neuralgia, or from toothache."

"Law! wear it if you like! what a fuss you make about nothing! If you choose to go with your head wrapped up in a blanket, nobody would look at you."

"Very true," meekly coughed Mr. Jenkins.

"What are you doing with your bacon?" irascibly demanded Mrs. Jenkins, perceiving that, of two slices, which she had put upon his plate, he was surreptitiously conveying one back to the dish.

"I am not hungry this morning. I cannot eat it."

"I say you shall eat it. What next? Do you think you are going to famish yourself?"

"My appetite will come back to me in a morning or two," he deprecatingly observed.

"It is back quite enough for that bacon," was the answer. "Come, I'll have it eaten."

She ruled him in everything, as she would a child; and, appetite or no appetite, Mr. Jenkins had to eat the bacon. Then he prepared for his departure. The black silk square was tied on, so as to cover the damages, the hat was well drawn over the brows, and Mr. Jenkins started. When Mr. Galloway entered his office that morning, which he did earlier than usual, there sat Mr. Jenkins in his usual place, copying a lease.

He looked glad to see his old clerk. It is pleasant to welcome an accustomed face after an absence.

"Are you sure you are quite equal to work, Jenkins?"

"Quite, so, sir, thank you. I had a little fever at first, and Mr. Hurst was afraid of that; but it has entirely subsided. Beyond being a trifle sore on the head, and stiff at the elbows and one hip, I am quite myself again."

"I was sorry to hear of the accident, Jenkins," Mr. Galloway resumed.

"I was as vexed at it, as I could be, sir. When I first came to myself, I hardly knew what damage was done, and the uncertainty of my getting again to business, perhaps for weeks, did worrit me much. I don't deny, too, that I have been in a little pain, but oh, sir! it was worth its happening! it was indeed; only to experience the kindness and good fellowship that has been shown me. I am sure half the town has been to see me, or to ask after me."

"I hear you have had your share of visitors."

"The bishop himself came," said poor Jenkins, grateful tears rising to his eyes in the intensity of his emotion. "He did indeed, sir. He came on the Friday, and groped his way up our dark stairs (for very dark they are when Mr. Harper's sitting-room door is shut,) and sat down by my bedside and chatted, just as plainly and familiarly as if he had been no better than one of my own acquaintances. Mr. Arthur Channing found him there when he came with your kind message, sir."

"So I heard," said Mr. Galloway. "You and the bishop were both in the same boat. I cannot, for my part, get at the mystery of that locking-up business."

"The bishop as good as said so, sir—that we had both been in it. I was trying to express my acknowledgments to his lordship for his condescension, apologizing for my plain bedroom, and the dark stairs, and all that, and saying, as well as I knew how, that the like of me was not worthy of a visit from him, when he laughed, in his affable way, and said, 'We were both caught in the trap, Jenkins. Had I been the one to receive personal injury, I make no doubt that you would have come the next day to inquire after me.' What a great thing it is, to be blessed with a loving, benevolent heart, like the Bishop of Helstonleigh!"

Arthur Channing came in and interrupted the conversation. He was settling to his occupation when Mr. Galloway drew his attention, in a very abrupt, angry manner, as it struck Arthur:—

"Channing, you told me yesterday that you posted that letter for Ventnor on Friday."

"So I did, sir."

"It has been robbed."

"Robbed!" returned Arthur, in surprise, scarcely catching immediately the meaning of the word.

"You know that it contained money—a £20 note; you saw me put it in."

"Yes—I—know—that," hesitated Arthur.

"What are you stammering at?"

In good truth, Arthur could not have told, except that he hesitated in surprise. He had cast his thoughts back, and was lost in them.

"The fact is, you did *not* post the letters yourself," resumed Mr. Galloway. "You gave them to somebody else to post, in a fit of idleness, and the result is, that the letter was rifled, and I have lost £20."

"Sir, I assure you that I did post them myself," replied Arthur, with firmness. "I went direct from this door to the post-office. In coming back, I called on Jenkins"—turning to him—"as you bade me, and afterwards I returned straight here. I mentioned to you, then, sir, that the bishop was with Jenkins."

Mr. Jenkins glanced up from his desk, a streak of color illumining his thin cheek, half hidden by the black handkerchief.

"I was just saying, sir, to Mr. Galloway, that you found his lordship at my bed-side," he cried to Arthur.

"Has the note been taken out of the letter, sir?" demanded Arthur. "Did the letter get to its destination without it?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Galloway, answering both questions. "I had a few lines from Mr. Robert Galloway yesterday morning, stating that the letter had arrived, but no bank-note was enclosed in it. Now, where is the note?"

"Where can it be?" reiterated Arthur. "The letter must have been opened in the transit. I declare to you, sir, that I put it safely into the post-office."

"It is a crying shame for this civilized country, that one cannot send a bank-note across the kingdom in a letter, but it must get taken out of it!" exclaimed Mr. Galloway in his vexation. "The puzzle to me is, how those thieves of letter-carriers happen just to pitch upon the letters to open that contain money!"

He went into his private room as he spoke, banging the door after him, a sure symptom that his temper was not in a state of equanimity, and not hearing or seeing Roland Yorke, who had entered, and was wishing him good morning.

"What's amiss? he seems in a tantrum," ejaculated Mr. Roland, with his customary scant ceremony. "Hallo, Jenkins! is it really you? By the accounts brought here, I thought you were not going to have a head on your shoulders for six months to come. Glad to see you, old chap!"

"Thank you, sir. I am thankful to say I have got pretty well over the hurt."

"Roland," said Arthur, in a half whisper bringing his head close to his friend's, as they leaned together over the desk, "you remember that Ventnor letter, sent on Friday, with the money in it—"

"Ventnor letter!" interrupted Roland. "What Ventnor letter?"

"The one for Robert Galloway. Hamish was looking at it. It had the £20 note in it."

"For Ventnor, was it? I did not notice what place it was bound for. That fellow, the cousin Galloway, changes his place of abode like the Wandering Jew. What of the letter?"

"It has been robbed of the note."

"No!" uttered Roland.

"It has. The cousin says the letter reached him, but the note did not. Mr. Galloway seems uncommonly put out. He accused me, at first of not taking it myself to the post. As if I should confide letters of value to anybody not trustworthy!"

"Did you post it yourself?" asked Roland.

"Of course I did. When you were coming in, after playing truant on Friday afternoon, I was going then. You might have seen the letters in my hand."

Roland shook his head. "I was in too great a stew to notice letters, or anything else. This will cure Galloway of sending bank-notes in letters. Have the post-office folks had news of the loss sent to them? They must hunt up the thief."

"Mr. Galloway is sure to do all that's necessary," remarked Arthur.

"For my part, if I sent bank-notes across the country in letters, I should expect them to get taken. I wonder at Galloway. He is cautious in other things."

Others had wondered at Mr. Galloway besides Roland Yorke. A man of caution, generally, he yet persisted in the practice of enclosing bank-notes in letters—whole notes, too, not halves. Persons cognisant of this habit had remonstrated with him; not his clerks—of course they had not presumed to do so. Mr. Galloway, who liked his own way, had become somewhat testy upon the point, and, not a week previous to the present time, had answered in a sort of contradictory spirit, that his money letters had always gone safely hitherto, and he made no doubt they always would go safely. The present loss, therefore, coming, as it were, to check his obstinacy, vexed him more than it would otherwise have done. He did not care for the loss of the money half so much as he did for the tacit reproof to himself.

"I wonder if Galloway took the number of the note?" cried Roland. "Whether or not, though, it would not serve him much; bank-notes lost in transit never come to light."

"Don't they, though!" retorted Arthur. "Look at the many convictions for post-office robbery!"

"I do not suppose that one case in ten is tracked home," disputed Roland. "They are regular thieves, those letter-carriers—but, then, the fellows are paid so badly."

"Do not be so sweeping in your assertions, Roland Yorke," interposed Mr. Galloway, coming forward from his private room. "How dare you so asperse the letter-carriers? They are a hard-working, quiet, honest body of men. Yes, sir; honest—I repeat it. Where one has yielded to temptation, fingering what was not his own, hundreds rise superior to it, retaining their integrity always. I would advise you not to be so free with your tongue."

Not to be free with his tongue would have been hard to Roland. "Lady Augusta was sending a box of camomile pills to some friend in Ireland, the other day, sir, but it was never heard of again, after she put it into the post-office here," cried he to Mr. Galloway. "The fellow who appropriated it no doubt thought he had got a prize of jewels. I should like to have seen his mortification when he opened the parcel and found it contained pills! Lady Augusta said she hoped he had the liver complaint, and then they might be of service to him."

Mr. Galloway made no response. He had caught up a lease that was lying on Jenkins's desk, and stood looking at it with no pleasant expression of countenance. On went that undaunted Roland.

"The next thing Lady Augusta had occasion to send by post was a gold cameo pin. It was inclosed in a pasteboard box, and, when packed, looked just like the parcel of pills. I wrote 'pills' on it, in great round text hand. That reached its destination safely, sir."

"Safer than you would, if it depended upon your pursuing your business steadily," retorted Mr. Galloway to Roland. "Fill in that tithe paper."

As Roland, with a suppressed yawn, and in his usual lazy manner, set himself to the work indicated, there came a clatter at the office-door, and a man in the uniform of a telegraphic official entered, bearing a dispatch in his hand. Mr. Galloway had then turned to his own room, and Roland, ever ready for anything but work, started up and received the packet from the man.

"Where's it from?" asked he, in curiosity.

"Southampton," replied the messenger.

"A telegram from Southampton, sir," announced Roland to Mr. Galloway.

The latter took the dispatch, and opened it, directing Jenkins to sign the paper. This done, the messenger departed. The words of the message were very few, but Mr. Galloway's eye was bending upon them sternly, and his brow had knitted, as if in perplexity.

"Young gentlemen, you must look to this," he said, coming forward, and standing before Roland and Arthur. "I find that the post-office is not to blame for this loss; that it must have occurred here, in this room, before the letter went near the post-office."

They both looked up; both colored red, as if with inward emotion. Thoughts, we all know, are quick as lightning; what was each thinking of, that it should give rise to emotion? Arthur was the first to speak.

"Do you allude to the loss of the bank-note, sir?"

"What else should I be likely to allude to?" sharply answered Mr. Galloway.

"But the post-office must be cheeky to deny it off-hand!" flashed Roland. "How is it possible that they can answer for the honesty of every man whose hands that letter passed through?"

"Pray who told you they had denied it, Mr. Roland Yorke?" demanded his master.

Roland felt a little checked. "I inferred it, sir."

"I daresay. Then allow me to tell you that they have not denied it. And one very cogent reason why they have not is, that they are not yet cognizant of the loss. I do not jump to conclusions as you do, Roland Yorke, and I thought it necessary to make a little inquiry before accusing the post-office, lest the post-office might not be in fault, you know."

"Quite right, I have no doubt, sir," replied Roland, in a chafed accent, for Mr. Galloway was speaking satirically, and Roland never liked to have ridicule cast to him. Like old Ketch, it stung his temper.

"By this communication," touching the telegraphic dispatch, "I learn that the letter was not opened after it left this office," resumed Mr. Galloway. "Consequently, the note must have been abstracted from it while the letter lay here. Who has been guilty of it?"

Neither Arthur nor Roland spoke. It was not a pleasant accusation—if you can call it an accusation, and the red on their faces deepened to scarlet; while Mr. Jenkins looked up, half terrified, and began to think what a mercy it was that he had broken his head, just that last particular Thursday night, on the marble flags of the Cathedral.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LOSS.

When money is lost out of an office, suspicion very frequently falls upon one or more of that office's *employés*. Mr. Galloway's doubts, however, had not yet extended to those employed in his. The letter containing the bank note had been dispatched to Mr. Robert Galloway, at Ventnor, on the Friday. On the Sunday morning, while Mr. Galloway was at breakfast, a short answer was delivered to him from his cousin:—"Your letter has reached me, but not the note; you must have omitted to put it in," was the news it contained, relative to that particular point. Mr. Galloway knew that he had put the note in; there was little doubt that both his clerks could testify that he had put it in, for he did it in their presence. How could it have been taken out? Had it been abstracted while the letter was still in his office?—or in its conveyance to the post?—or in its transmission to Ventnor? "If in the office," argued Mr. Galloway, "it must have been done before I sealed it; if afterwards, that seal must have been tampered with, probably broken. I'll drop a note to Robert, and ask the question." He rose from his breakfast and penned a line to Southampton, where, as he had reason to believe, Mr. Robert Galloway would be on the Monday. It was not Mr. Galloway's habit to write letters on a Sunday, but he deemed that the present occasion justified the deed. "I did put the note in the letter" he wrote. "Send me word instantly whether the seal had been tampered with. I stamped it with my private seal." Mr. Robert Galloway received this on Monday morning. He did not wait for the post, but forwarded the reply by telegraph—"The seal had not been broken. Will send you back the envelope by first post." This was the dispatch which you saw Mr. Galloway receive in his office.

He went back into his private room, carrying the dispatch with him, and there he sat down to think. From the very first he had not believed the fraud to lie with the post-office—for this reason: had the note been abstracted by one of its servants, the letter would have been almost sure not to have reached its destination; it would have disappeared with the note. He had cast a doubt as to whether Arthur Channing had posted the letters himself. Arthur assured him that he had, and Mr. Galloway believed him; the information that the seal of the letter was unbroken was now a further confirmation, had he needed it. At least it was a confirmation that the letter had not been opened after it quitted the office. Mr. Galloway perfectly remembered fastening down the letter. He put the bank note in, wet the gum, and stuck it down. He probably would have sealed it then, but for the commotion that arose at that same moment in the street, caused by Mad Nance. There could be no shadow of doubt, so far as Mr. Galloway could see, and so far as he believed, that the abstraction had taken place between the time of his gumming down the envelope and of his sealing it. Who had done it?

"I'll lay a guinea I know how it happened!" he exclaimed to himself. "Channing was at college—I must have given him permission in a soft moment to take that organ, or I never should have done it, quitting the office daily!—and Yorke in his indolent carelessness, must have got gossiping outside, leaving, it is hard to say who in the office! This comes of poor Jenkins's fall!"

Mr. Galloway rang his table bell. It was answered by Jenkins. "Send Mr. Arthur Channing in!" said Mr. Galloway.

Arthur entered in obedience. Mr. Galloway made a sign to him to close the door, and then spoke.

"This is an awkward business, Channing."

"Very awkward, indeed, sir," replied Arthur, at no loss to understand what Mr. Galloway alluded to. "I do not see that it was possible for the note to have been taken from the letter, except in its transmission through the post."

"I tell you it was taken from it before it left this office," tartly returned Mr. Galloway. "I have my reasons for the assertion. Did you see me put the bank note in the letter?"

"Of course I did, sir. I was standing by when you did it: I had remained by you after bringing you the note from this room."

"I put the note inside, and fastened down the envelope," said Mr. Galloway, pointing the feather of his quill pen at each proposition. "I did not seal it then, for the looking at Mad Nance hindered me, and I went out, leaving the letter on Jenkins's desk, in your charge and Yorke's."

"Yes, sir. I placed the letter in the rack in your room, immediately afterwards."

"And, pray, what loose acquaintances did you and Yorke get in here that afternoon?"

"Not any," replied Arthur. "I do not know when the office was so free from callers. No person whatever entered it, except my brother Hamish."

"That's all nonsense," said Mr. Galloway. "You are getting to speak as incautiously as Yorke. How can you tell who came here when you were at college? Yorke would be alone, then."

"No, Yorke was not," Arthur was beginning. But he stopped suddenly, and hesitated. He did not care to tell Mr. Galloway that Yorke had played truant all that afternoon. Mr. Galloway saw his hesitation, and did not like it.

"Come, what have you to conceal? You and Yorke held a levee here, I suppose? That's the fact. You had so many chaps in here, gossiping, that you don't know who may have meddled with the letter; and when you were off to college, they stopped with Yorke."

"No, sir. For one thing, I did not take the organ that afternoon. I went, as usual, but Mr. Williams was there himself, so I came back. I was only away about ten minutes."

"And how many did you find with Yorke?"

"Yorke stepped out to speak to somebody just before I went to college," replied Arthur, obliged to allude to it, but determined to say as little as possible. "Hamish was here; you met him coming in as you were going out, sir, and I got him to stay in the office till I came back."

"Pretty doings!" retorted Mr. Galloway. "Hindering the time of Mr. Hamish Channing that you and Yorke may kick up your heels! Nice trustworthy clerks, both of you!"

"I was obliged to go to college, sir," said Arthur, in a tone of deprecation.

"Was Yorke obliged to go out?"

"I was back again very shortly, I assure you, sir," said Arthur, passing by the remark. "And I did not quit the office again until you sent me to the post."

"Stop!" said Mr. Galloway; "let me clearly understand. As I went out, Hamish came in. Then you say Yorke went out; and you, to get to college, left Hamish keeping office. Did anybody else come in besides Hamish?"

"Not any one. When I returned from college I inquired of Hamish who had called, and he said nobody had called. Lady Augusta Yorke drove up then, and Hamish went away with her. She was going to the missionary meeting."

"And you persist in saying that nobody came in, after that?"

"Nobody did come in, sir."

"Very well. Send Yorke to me."

Roland made his appearance, a pen behind his ear, and a ruler in his hand.

"More show than work!" sarcastically exclaimed Mr. Galloway. "Now, sir, I have been questioning Mr. Arthur Channing about this unpleasant business, for I am determined to come to the bottom of it. I can get nothing satisfactory from him; so I must try what I can do with you. Have the goodness to tell me how you spent your time on Friday afternoon."

"On Friday?—let's see," began Roland, out of his wits with perplexity as to how he should hide his afternoon's absence from Mr. Galloway. "It's difficult to recollect what one does on one particular day more than on another, sir."

"Oh, indeed! Perhaps, to begin with, you can remember the circumstance of my putting the bank-note in the letter. I went into the other room to consult a Bradshaw—"

"I remember that quite well, sir," interrupted Roland. "Channing fetched the bank-note from this room, and you put it in. It was just before we were all called to the window by Mad Nance."

"After that?" pursued Mr. Galloway.

"After that? I think, sir, you went out after that, and Hamish Channing came in."

"Who else came in?"

"I don't remember anybody else," answered Roland, wishing somebody would come in *then*, and stop the questioning. No such luck, however.

"How many people called in while Channing was at college, and you were keeping office?" demanded Mr. Galloway.

Roland fidgeted, first on one leg, then on the other. He felt that it must all come out. "What a passion he'll go into with me!" thought Roland. "It is certain that nobody can have touched the bank-note in this office, sir," he said aloud. "Those poor, half-starved postmen must have helped themselves to it."

"When I ask for your opinion upon 'who has helped themselves to it,' it will be time enough to give it me," returned Mr. Galloway, dryly. "I say that the money was abstracted from the letter before it left this office, when it was under the charge of you and Channing."

"I hope you do not suspect us of taking it, sir!" said Roland, going into a heat.

"I suspect that you have been guilty of negligence in some way, Mr. Roland. Could the bank-note drop out of the letter of itself?"

"I suppose it could not, sir."

"Good! Then it is my business to ascertain, if I can, how it did get out of it. You have not answered my question. Who came into this office while Channing was at the cathedral on Friday afternoon?"

"I declare nobody ever had such luck as I," burst forth Roland, in a tone half comic, half defiant, as he felt he must make a merit of necessity, and confess. "If I get into the smallest scrape in the world, it is safe to come out. The fact is, sir, I was not here last Friday afternoon, during Channing's hour for college."

"What! not at all?" exclaimed Mr. Galloway, who had not suspected Yorke was absent so long.

"As I say, it's my luck to get found out!" grumbled Roland. "I can't lift a finger to-day, if it ought not to be lifted, but it gets known to-morrow. I saw one of my chums going past the end of the street, sir, and I ran after him. I am sorry to say I got seduced into stopping out with him longer than I ought."

Mr. Galloway stared at Roland. "At what time did you go out?" he asked.

"Just after you did, sir. The bell was going for college."

"And pray what time did you come in?"

"Well, sir, you saw me come in. It was getting on for five o'clock."

"Do you mean to say you had not been in at all, between those times?"

"It was Knivett's fault," grumbled Roland. "He kept me."

Mr. Galloway sat drumming on his desk, apparently gazing at Roland; in reality thinking. To hear that Mr. Roland Yorke had taken French leave for nearly a whole afternoon's holiday, just on the especial afternoon that he ought not to have taken it—Jenkins being away—did not surprise him in the least; it was very much in the line of the Yorkes to do so. To have scolded or punished Roland for it would have been productive of little good, since he was sure to do it again on the first temptation that offered. Failing the temptation, he would stop at his post steadily enough. No; it was not the escapade of Roland that Mr. Galloway was considering; but the very narrow radius that the affair of the letter appeared to be drawing itself into. If Roland was absent he could not have had half the town in to chatter; and if Arthur Channing asserted that none had been in, Mr. Galloway could give credence to Arthur. But then—how had the money disappeared? Who had got it?

"Channing!" he called out, loudly and sharply.

Arthur, who was preparing to attend the cathedral, for the bell had rung out, hastened in.

"How came you not to tell me, when we were speaking of Roland Yorke's absence, that he remained away all the afternoon?" questioned Mr. Galloway.

Arthur was silent. He glanced once at Roland.

"Well?" cried Mr. Galloway.

"It was better for him to tell you himself, sir; as I conclude he has now done."

"The fact is, you are two birds of a feather," stormed Mr. Galloway, who, when he did get into an angry temper, which was not often, was apt to say anything that came uppermost, just or unjust. "The one won't tell tales of the other. If the one set my office on fire, and then said it was the cat did it, the other would stick to it. Is it true, sir, that he was not at the office during my absence from it on Friday afternoon?" he continued to Arthur, pointing to Roland.

"That is true."

"Then who can have taken the money?" uttered Mr. Galloway, speaking what was uppermost in his thoughts.

"Which is as much as to say that I took it," burst forth haughty Roland. "Mr. Galloway, I—"

"You just keep your tongue quiet, Roland Yorke," interrupted that gentleman. "I do not suspect you of taking it. I did suspect that you might have got some idlers in here, *mauvais sujets*, you know, for you call plenty of them friends; but, if you were absent yourself, that suspicion falls to the ground. Again I say, who can have taken the money?"

"It is an utter impossibility that Yorke could have taken it, even were he capable of such a thing," generously spoke Arthur. "From the time you quitted the office yourself, sir, until after the letters were taken out of it to be conveyed to the post, he was away from it."

"Just like him!" exclaimed Mr. Galloway. "It must have been done while your brother Hamish was waiting in the office. We must ascertain from him who came in."

"He told me nobody came in," repeated Arthur.

"Rubbish!" testily observed Mr. Galloway. "Somebody must have come in; somebody with light fingers, too! The money could not go without hands. You are off to college now, I suppose, Channing?"

"Yes, sir."

"When service is over, just go down as far as your brother's office, and ask him about it."

"He is as obstinate as any old adder!" exclaimed Roland Yorke to Arthur, when they left Mr. Galloway alone. "The only possible way in which it can have gone is through that post-office. The men have forked it; like they did Lady Augusta's pills."

"He says it was not the post-office," mused Arthur. "He said—as I understood—that the telegraphic dispatch proved to him that it had been taken out here."

"What an idiot you are!" ejaculated Roland. "How *could* a dispatch tell him who took it, or who did not!—unless it was a dispatch from those spirit-rappers—mesmerists, or whatever they call themselves. They profess to show you who your grandmother was, if you don't know!"

Roland laughed as he spoke. Arthur was not inclined for joking; the affair perplexed him in no common degree.

"I wish Mr. Galloway would mention his grounds for thinking the note was abstracted before it went to the post!" he said.

"He ought to mention them," cried Roland, fiercely. "He says he learns, by the dispatch, that the letter was not opened after it left this office. Now, it is impossible that any dispatch could tell him that. He talks to me about broad assertions! That's a pretty broad one. What did the dispatch say? Who sent it?"

"Would it afford you satisfaction to know, Mr. Roland?" And Roland wheeled round with a start, for it was the voice of Mr. Galloway. He had followed them into the front office, and caught the latter part of the conversation. "Come, sir," he added, "I will

teach you a lesson in caution. When I have sealed letters that contained money, after they were previously fastened down with gum, I have seen you throw your head back, Mr. Roland, with that favorite scornful movement of yours. 'As if gum did not stick them fast enough!' you have said in your heart. But now, the fact of my having sealed this letter in question, enables me to say that the letter was not opened after it quitted my hands. The dispatch you are so curious about was from my cousin, telling me that the seal reached him intact."

"I did not know the letter was sealed," remarked Roland. "But that proves nothing, sir. They might melt the wax, and seal it up again. Everybody keeps a stamp of this sort," he added, stretching his hand out for the seal ordinarily used in the office; a common, cross-barred, wafer stamp.

"Ah," said Mr. Galloway, "you are very clever, Master Roland. But I happened to stamp that letter with my private seal."

"That alters the case, of course," said Roland, after a pause. "Sir, I wish you would set me to work to find it out," he impulsively continued. "I'd go to the post-office, and—"

"And make noise enough there for ten, and defeat your own ends," interrupted Mr. Galloway. "Channing, you will be late. Do not forget to see Hamish."

"Yes, I must be off," said Arthur, with a start, coming out of his reverie. He had waited to hear about the seal, and now flew towards the cathedral.

"I wish it had not happened!" he ejaculated. "I know Galloway does not suspect me or Yorke; but, still, I wish it had never happened."

CHAPTER XX.

THE LOOMING OF AN AWFUL FEAR.

Hamish Channing sat in his private room; his, now; for, in the absence of Mr. Channing, Hamish was master. The insurance office was situated in Guild Street, a principal street, near to the Town Hall. It consisted of an entrance hall, two rooms, and a closet for hanging up coats, and for washing hands. The room on the left of the hall, as you entered, was the principal office; the room on the right of the hall was the private room of Mr. Channing, used, I say, by Hamish. The upper part of the house was occupied as a dwelling, the family, renting it, having nothing to do with the office. It was a commodious house, and possessed a separate entrance.

Hamish—gay, good-tempered, careless, though he was—ruled the office with a firm hand. There was no familiarity of manner there; the clerks liked him, but they had to defer to him and obey him. He was seated at his desk, deep in some accounts, on this same morning—the one mentioned in the last chapter—when one of the clerks entered, and said that Mr. Arthur Channing was asking to speak to him—for it was Mr. Hamish Channing's good pleasure not to be interrupted indiscriminately, unless a clerk first ascertained whether he was at liberty to be seen. Possibly, Hamish feared there might be treachery abroad.

Arthur entered. Hamish pushed his books from before him, and stretched himself. "Well, old fellow! you seem out of breath."

"I came down at such a pace," rejoined Arthur. "College is just over. I say, Hamish, a disagreeable thing has happened at Galloway's. I have never seen him put out as he is now."

"Has his hair taken a change again, and come on a lovely rose color?"

"I wish you would not turn everything into joke," cried Arthur, who was really troubled, and the words vexed him. "You saw a letter on Jenkins's desk last Friday—the afternoon, you know, that Yorke went off, and you remained while I went to college? There was a £20 note in it. Well, the note has, in some mysterious manner, been abstracted from it."

Hamish lifted his eyebrows. "What can Galloway expect, if he sends bank-notes in letters?"

"Yes, but this was abstracted before it left our office. Galloway says so. He sealed it with his private seal, and the letter arrived at his cousin's intact, the seal unbroken—a pretty sure proof that the note could not have been in it when it was sealed."

"Who took it out?" asked Hamish.

"That's the question. There was not a soul near the place, that I can find out, except you and I. Yorke was away, Jenkins was away, and Mr. Galloway was away. He says some one must have come in while you were in the office."

"There did not so much as a ghost come in," said Hamish.

"Are you sure, Hamish?"

"Sure! I am sure they did not, unless I dropped asleep. *That* was not an unlikely catastrophe to happen; shut up by myself in that dull office, amid musty parchments, with nothing to do."

"Hamish, can you be serious for once? This is a serious matter."

"Mr. Martin Pope wants you, sir," said the clerk again, interrupting at this juncture. Martin Pope's face came in also, over the clerk's shoulder. It was red, and he looked in a hurry.

"Hamish, he has had a letter, and is off by the half-past eleven train," spoke Martin Pope, in some excitement. "You must rush up to the station, if you want a last word with him. "You will hardly catch him, running your best."

Up jumped Hamish, in excitement as great as his friend's. He shut down and locked the table-desk, caught his hat, and was speeding out of the office, when Arthur, to whom the words had been a puzzle, laid hold of his arm.

"Hamish, *did* any one come in? It was Mr. Galloway sent me here to ascertain."

"No, they did not. Should I not tell you if they had? Take care, Arthur. I must fly like the wind. Come away, Pope!"

Arthur walked back to Mr. Galloway's. That gentleman was out. Roland Yorke was out. But Jenkins, upon whom the unfortunate affair had taken great hold, lifted his face to Arthur, his eyes asking the question that his tongue scarcely presumed to do.

"My brother says nobody came in while he was here. It is very strange!"

"Mr. Arthur, sir, if I had repined at all at that accident, and felt it as a misfortune, how this would have reproved me!" spoke Jenkins, in his simple faith. "Why, sir, it must have come to me as a mercy, a blessing; to take me away out of this office at the time."

"What do you mean, Jenkins?"

"There's no telling, sir, but Galloway might have suspected me. It is the first loss we have had since I have been here, all those years; and—"

"Nonsense!" interrupted Arthur. "You may as well fear that Mr. Galloway will suspect me, or Mr. Yorke."

"No, sir, you and Mr. Yorke are different; you are gentlemen. Mr. Galloway would no more suspect you than he would suspect himself. I am thankful I was absent."

"Be easy, Jenkins," smiled Arthur. "Absent or present, we can all trust you."

Mr. Galloway did not return until nearly one o'clock. He went straight into his own room. Arthur followed him.

"I have seen Hamish, sir. He says no person whatever entered on Friday, while he was here alone."

Mr. Galloway paused, apparently revolving the news. "Hamish must be mistaken," he answered.

"He told me at the time, last Friday, that nobody had been in," resumed Arthur. "I asked the question when I returned from college, thinking people might have called on business. He said they had not; and he says the same now."

"But look you here, Arthur," debated Mr. Galloway, in a tone of reasoning. "I suspect neither you nor Yorke; indeed, as it seems, Yorke put himself out of suspicion's way, by walking off; but if nobody came to the office, and yet the note *went*, remember the position in which you place yourself! I say I don't blame you, I don't suspect you; but I do say that the mystery must be cleared up. Are you certain no person came into the office during your presence in it?"

"I am quite certain of that, sir. I have told you so."

"And is Hamish equally certain—that no one entered while he was here alone?"

"He says so." But Arthur's words bore a sound of hesitation, which Mr. Galloway may or may not have observed. He would have spoken far more positively had Hamish not joked about it.

"'Says' will not do for me," retorted Mr. Galloway. "I should like to see Hamish. You have nothing particular to finish before one o'clock; suppose you run to Guild street, and request him to come round this way, as he goes home to dinner? It will not take him two minutes out of his road."

Arthur departed; choosing the nearest way to Guild street. It led him through the street which Hamish had been careful to avoid, on account of a troublesome creditor. Arthur had no such fear; one o'clock struck as he turned into it. About mid-way down it, what was his astonishment to encounter Hamish! Not slinking along, dreading to be seen, but flourishing leisurely at his ease, nodding to everybody he knew, his sweet smile in full play, and his cane whirling circles in the air.

"Hamish! I thought this was forbidden ground!"

"So it was, until a day or two ago," laughed Hamish, "but I have managed to charm the enemy."

He spoke in his usual light, careless, half-mocking style, and passed his arm within Arthur's. At that moment, a shopkeeper came to his door, and respectfully touched his hair—for he wore no hat—to Hamish. Hamish nodded in return, and laughed again as he walked on with Arthur.

"That was the very fiercest enemy in all this street of Philistines, Arthur. See how civil he is now."

"How did you 'charm' him?"

"Oh, by a process known to myself. Did you come down on purpose to escort me home to dinner? Very polite of you!"

"I came to ask you to go round by Mr. Galloway's office, and to call in and see him. He will not believe you at second hand."

"Believe what?" asked Hamish.

"That the office had no visitors while you were taking care of it, the other day. That money affair grows more mysterious every hour."

"Then I have not the time to go round," exclaimed Hamish, in—for him—quite a cross accent. "I don't know anything about the money or the letter. Why should I be bothered?"

"Hamish, you *must* go," said Arthur, impressively. "Do you know that—so far as can be ascertained—no human being was in the office alone with the letter, save you and I. Were we to shun inquiry, the suspicion might fall upon us."

Hamish drew himself up haughtily, somewhat after the fashion of Roland Yorke.

"What absurdity, Arthur! steal a £20 note!" But, when they came to the turning where two roads met, one of which led to Close street, Hamish had apparently re-considered his determination.

"I suppose I must go, or the old fellow will be offended. You can tell them at home that I shall be in directly; not to wait dinner."

He walked away quickly. Arthur pursued the path which would take him round the cathedral to the Boundaries. He bent his head in thought; he was lost in perplexity; in spite of what Mr. Galloway urged, with regard to the seal, he could not believe but what the money had gone safely to the post-office, and was abstracted afterwards. Thus busied within himself, he had reached the elm-trees, when he ran against Hopper, the bailiff. Arthur looked up, and the man's features relaxed into a smile.

"We shut the door when the steed's stolen, Mr. Arthur," was his salutation. "Now that I have got my pocket emptied of what would have done no good to your brother, I come here to meet him at the right time. Just to show folks—should any be about—that I did know my way here; though it unfortunately fell out that I always missed him."

He nodded and winked. Arthur, completely at sea as to his meaning, made some trifling remark in answer.

"He did well to come to terms with them," continued Hopper, dropping his voice. "Though it was but a five pound, as I hear, and a promise for the rest, you see they took it. Ten times over they said to me, 'We don't want to proceed to extremities with Hamish Channing.' I was as glad as could be when they withdrew the writ. I do hope he'll go on smooth and straight, now that he has begun paying up a bit. Tell him old Hopper says it, Mr. Arthur."

Hopper glided on, leaving Arthur glued to the spot. Begun to pay up! Paid five pounds off one debt! Paid (there could be no doubt of it) partially, or wholly, the "enemy" in the proscribed street! What did it mean? Every drop of blood in Arthur Channing's body stood still, and then coursed on with fiery violence. Had he seen the cathedral tower toppling down upon his head, he had feared it less than the awful dread which was dawning upon him.

He went home to dinner. Hamish went home. Hamish was more gay and talkative than usual—Arthur was silent as the grave. What was the matter? some one asked him. His head ached, was the answered plea; and, indeed, it was no false one. Hamish did not say a syllable about the loss at table; neither did Arthur, Arthur's tongue was tied now.

It is useless to attempt to disguise the fear which had fallen upon him; you, my reader, will probably have glanced to it as suspiciously as did Arthur Channing. Until this loophole appeared, the facts had been to Arthur's mind utterly mysterious; they now shone out all too apparent, in glaring colors. He knew that he himself had not touched the money, and no one else had been left alone with it, except Hamish. Debt! what had the paltry fear of debt and its consequences been, compared to this?

Mr. Galloway talked much of the mystery that afternoon; Yorke talked of it; Jenkins talked of it. Arthur barely answered; never, except when obliged; and his manner, confused at times, for he could not help its being so, excited the attention of Mr. Galloway.

"One would think you had helped yourself to the money, Channing!" he crossly exclaimed to him once, when they were alone in the private room.

"No, sir, I did not," Arthur answered, in a low tone; but, his face flushed scarlet, and then grew deadly pale. If a Channing, his brother, had done it, why, he felt himself almost equally guilty; it dyed his brow with shame. Mr. Galloway noticed the signs, and attributed them to the pain caused by his question.

"Don't be foolish, Arthur. I feel sure of you and Yorke. Though, with Yorke's carelessness and his spendthrift habits, I do not know that I should have been so sure of him, had he been left alone with the temptation."

"Sir!" exclaimed Arthur, in a tone of pain, "Yorke did not touch it. I would answer for his innocence with my life."

"Don't I say I do not suspect him, or you either?" testily returned Mr. Galloway. "It is the mystery of the affair that worries me. If no elucidation turns up, between now and to-morrow morning, I shall place it in the hands of the police."

The announcement scared away the precaution of Arthur; nearly scared away his senses.

"Oh! pray, pray, Mr. Galloway, do not let the police become cognizant of it!" he uttered, in an accent of wild alarm. And Mr. Galloway stared at him in very amazement; and Jenkins, who had come in to ask a question, stared too.

"It might not be productive of any good result, and would cause us no end of trouble," Arthur added, striving to assign some plausible explanation of his words.

"That is my affair," said Mr. Galloway.

When Arthur reached home, the news had penetrated there. Mrs. Channing's tea-table was absorbed with it. Tom and Charles gave the school version of it, and the Rev. Mr. Yorke, who was taking tea with them, gave his. Both accounts were increased by sundry embellishments, which had never had place in reality.

"Not a soul was ever near the letter," exclaimed Tom, "except Arthur and Jenkins, and Roland Yorke."

"The post-office must be to blame for this," observed Mr. Channing. "But you are wrong, Tom, with regard to Jenkins. He could not have been there."

"Mark Galloway says his uncle had a telegraphic dispatch to say the post-office knew nothing about it," exclaimed Charles.

"Much you know about it, Miss Charley!" quoth Tom. "The dispatch was about the seal; it was not from the post-office at all. They have not accused the post-office yet."

Arthur let them talk on; his headache the excuse for his own silence. It did ache, in no measured degree. When appealed to, "Was it this way, Arthur?" "Was it the other?" he was obliged to speak, so that an accurate version of the affair was arrived at, before tea was over. Constance alone saw that something unusual was the matter with him. She attributed it to fears at the absence of Hamish, who had been expected in to tea, and did not come. Constance's own fears at this absence grew to a terrific height. Had he been *arrested?*

She beckoned Arthur from the room; she could no longer control herself. Her lips were white as she drew him into the study, and spoke.

"Arthur, what has become of Hamish? Has anything happened to him?"

"Happened to him!" repeated Arthur, vaguely; too absorbed in his own sad thoughts to reply at once.

"Has—he—been—*taken?*"

"Taken! Hamish!" Oh, you mean for debt!" he continued, his heart beating, and fully aroused now. "There is no further fear, I believe. He has managed to arrange with the people."

"How has he contrived it?" exclaimed Constance, in wonder.

Arthur turned his face away.

"Hamish does not make me his confidant."

Constance stole her hand into his.

"Arthur, what is the matter with you this evening? Is it that unpleasant affair at Mr. Galloway's?"

He turned from her. He laid his face upon the table, and groaned in anguish.

"Be still, be still, Constance! You can do no good."

"But *what* is it?" uttered Constance, in alarm. "You surely do not fear that suspicion should be cast on you, or on Hamish—although, as it appears, you and he were alone in the office with the letter?"

"Be still, I say, Constance!" he wailed. "There is nothing for it but to—to—to bear. You will do well to ask no more about it."

A faint dread began to dawn upon her.

"You and Hamish were alone with the letter!" the echo of the words came thumping against her brain. But she beat it off. Suspect a Channing! "Arthur, I need not ask if you are innocent; it would be a gratuitous insult."

"No," he quietly said, "you need not ask that."

"And—Hamish?" she would have continued, but the words stuck in her throat. She changed them for others.

"How do you know that he has paid any of his debts, Arthur?"

"I heard it. I—"

At that moment they heard something else—Hamish's voice in the hall. In the impulse of the moment, in the glad revulsion of feeling—for, if Hamish were safe in the hall, he could not be in prison—Constance flew to him, and clasped her hands round his neck.

"Oh, Hamish, Hamish! thank Heaven that you are come!"

Hamish was surprised. He went with Constance into the study, where Arthur had remained.

"What do you mean, Constance? What is the matter?

"I am always fearful," she whispered; "always fearful! I know you owe money, and they might put you in prison. Hamish, I am thinking of it by night and by day."

"My pretty sister!" cried Hamish, caressingly, as he smoothed her hair, like Constance sometimes smoothed Annabel's; "that danger has for the present passed."

"If you were arrested, papa might lose his situation," she murmured.

"I know it; it is that which has worried me. I have been doing what I could to avert it. Constance, these things are not for you; who told you anything about them?"

"Never mind that. I—"

"What will you give me for something I have found?" exclaimed Annabel, bursting in upon them, her hands held behind her and her eyes dancing. "It is one of your treasures, Hamish."

"Then give it me, Annabel. Come! I am tired, I cannot play with you this evening."

"I won't give it you till you guess what it is."

Hamish was evidently in no mood for play. Annabel danced round and about him, provokingly eluding his grasp. He caught her suddenly, and laid his hands upon hers. With a shriek of laughing defiance, she flung something on the floor, and four or five sovereigns rolled about.

It was Hamish's *porte-monnaie*. She had found it on the hall table, by the side of his hat and gloves, left there most probably in inadvertence. Hamish stooped to pick up the money.

"See how rich he is!" danced Annabel; "after telling us he was as poor as a church mouse! Where has he got it from?"

Never had they seen Hamish more annoyed. When he had secured the money, he gave a pretty sharp tap to Annabel, and ordered her, in a tone of ringing command, not to meddle with his things again. He quitted the room, and Annabel ran after him, laughing and defiant still.

"*Where has he got it from!*" The words, spoken in innocence by the child, rang like a knell on the ears of Constance and Arthur Channing. Constance's very heart turned sick—sick as Arthur's had been since the meeting with Hopper, under the elm-trees.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. BUTTERBY.

The cathedral clock of Helstonleigh was striking eight, and the postman was going his rounds through the Boundaries. Formerly, nothing so common as a regular postman, when on duty, was admitted within the pale of that exclusive place. The Boundaries, chiefly occupied by the higher order of the clergy, did not condescend to have its letters delivered in the ordinary way, and by the ordinary hands. It was the custom for the postman to take them to the Boundary-gate, and there put them into the porter's great box, just as if he had been posting letters in the town post-office; and the porter forthwith delivered them at their several destinations. The late porter, however, had grown with years half blind and wholly stupid. Some letters he dropped; some he lost; some he delivered at wrong houses; some, he persisted in declaring, when questioned, had never been delivered to *him*. In short, the mistakes and confusion were incessant; so, the porter was exonerated from that portion of his duty, and the postman entered upon it. There was a fresh porter now, but the old custom had not been resumed.

Ring—ring—ring—ring—for one peculiarity of the Boundaries was, that most of its doors possessed no knockers, only bells—on he went, the man this morning, leaving letters nearly everywhere. At length he came to Mr. Galloway's, and rang there a peal that it is the delight of a postman to ring; but when the door was opened, he delivered only one letter and a newspaper. The business letters were generally directed to the office.

Mr. Galloway was half-way through his breakfast. He was no sluggard, and he liked to devote the whole hour, from eight to nine, to his breakfast and his *Times*. Occasionally, as on this morning, he would sit down before eight, so as to get nearly through his breakfast before the postman came. His servants knew by experience that, when this happened, he was expecting something unusual by the post.

His man came in. He laid the letter and the newspaper by his master's side. Mr. Galloway tore open the *Times*, gave one glance at the price of funds and the money article, and then put the paper away and took up the letter.

The latter was from his cousin, Mr. Robert Galloway. It contained, besides the writing, the envelope in which Mr. Galloway had inclosed the £20 note. "You perceive," wrote Mr. Robert, "that the seal had not been tampered with. It is perfectly intact. Hence I infer that you must be in error in supposing you put the note into the letter."

Mr. Galloway examined the envelope closely. His cousin had not broken the seal in opening the letter, but had cut the paper above it. He was a methodical man in trifles, Mr. Robert Galloway, and generally did cut his envelopes open. It had been all the better for him had he learnt to be methodical with his money.

"Yes; it is as Robert says," soliloquised Mr. Galloway. "The seal has not been touched since it went out of my hands; therefore the note must have been extracted from the letter previously. Now, who *did* it?"

He sat—his elbow on the breakfast table, his chin in his hand, and the envelope lying before him. Apparently, he was studying it minutely; in reality, he was lost in thought. "It's just like the work of a conjuror!" he presently exclaimed. "Not a strange soul near the place, that I can find out, and yet the bank note vanishes out of the letter! Notes don't vanish without hands, and I'll do as I said yesterday—consult the police. If anybody can come to the bottom of it, it's Butterby. Had the seal been broken, I should have given it in charge to the post-office to ferret out; the crime would have lain with them, and so must the discovery; as it is, the business is mine."

He wrote a line rapidly in pencil, folded, called in his man-servant, and dispatched him with it to the police-station. The station was very near; it was situated on the other side the Cathedral, midway between that edifice and the town-hall. In ten minutes after the servant had left the house, Mr. Butterby was on his road to it.

Mr. Butterby puzzled Helstonleigh. He was not an inspector, he was not a sergeant, he was not a common officer, and he was never seen in official dress. Who was Mr. Butterby? Helstonleigh wondered. That he had a great deal to do with the police, was one of their staff, and received his pay, was certain; but, what his standing might be, and what his peculiar line of duty, they could not tell. Sometimes he was absent from Helstonleigh for months at a time, probably puzzling other towns. Mr. Galloway would have told you he was a detective; but perhaps Mr. Galloway's grounds for the assertion existed but in his own opinion. For convenience sake we will call him the detective; remembering, however, that we have no warranty for it.

Mr. Butterby came forward, a spare, pale man, of middle height, his eyes deeply set in his head, and his nose turning up to the skies. He was of silent habit; probably of a silent nature.

Mr. Galloway recited the circumstances of his loss. The detective sat near, his hands upon his knees, his head bent, and his eyes cast upon the floor. He did not interrupt the story by a single word. When it was ended, he took up the envelope, and examined it in equal silence; examined it with ridiculous minuteness, Mr. Galloway thought, for he poked, and peered, and touched it everywhere. He held it up to the light, he studied the post-marks, he gazed at the seal through an odd-looking little glass that he took from his waistcoat pocket, he particularly criticised the folds, he drew his fingers along its edges, he actually smelt it—all in silence, and with a countenance entirely impassive.

"Have you the number of the note?" was his first question.

"No," said Mr. Galloway.

He looked up at this; the thought may have struck him that, not to take the number of a bank-note, sent by post, betrayed some carelessness for a man of business. Mr. Galloway at least inferred this to have caused the look, and answered it.

"Of course, I am in the habit of taking their numbers; I don't know that I ever did such a thing before as send a bank-note away without it. I had an appointment, as I tell you, at the other end of the town for a quarter before three; it was of importance, and when I heard the college strike out the three-quarters—the very hour I ought to have been there—I hurriedly put the note inside the folds of the letter, without waiting to take the number. It was not that I forgot to do so, but that I would not spare the time."

"Have you any means of ascertaining the number, by tracing the note back to whence it may have come into your possession?" was the next question.

Mr. Galloway was obliged to confess that he had not.

"Bank-notes are so frequently paid me from different quarters," he remarked.—"Yesterday, for instance, a farmer, renting under the dean and chapter, came in and paid me his half-year's rent. Another, holding the lease of a public house in the town, renewed two lives which had dropped; it was Beard, of the Barley-Mow. Now, both these men paid in notes, tens and fives, and they lie together now in my cash-drawer; but I could not tell you which particular notes came from each man—no, not if you paid me the worth of the whole to do it; neither could I tell whence I had the note which I put into the letter."

"In this way, if a note should turn out to be bad, you could not return it to its owner."

"I never took a bad note in my life," said Mr. Galloway, speaking impulsively.—"There's not a better judge of notes than myself in the kingdom; and Jenkins is as good."

Another silence. Mr. Butterby remained in the same attitude, his head and eyes bent.

"Have you told me all the particulars?" he presently asked.

"I think so. All that I remember."

"Then allow me to go over them aloud," returned the detective; "and, if I make any mistake or omission, have the goodness to correct me.—On Friday last you took a £20 note out of your cash drawer, not taking or knowing its number. This note you put within the folds of a letter, and placed both in an envelope, and fastened the envelope down, your two clerks, Channing and Yorke, being present. You then went out, leaving the letter upon one of the desks. As you left, Hamish Channing came in. Immediately following upon that, Yorke went out, leaving the brothers alone. Arthur departed to attend college, Hamish remaining in the office. Arthur Channing soon returned, finding there was no necessity for him to stay in the cathedral, upon which Hamish left. Arthur Channing remained alone for more than an hour, nobody calling or entering the office during that period. You then returned yourself, found the letter in the same state, apparently, in which you had left it, and you sealed it, and sent Arthur Channing with it to the post-office. These are the brief facts, so far as you are cognizant of them, and as they have been related to you?"

"They are," replied Mr. Galloway. "I should have mentioned that Arthur Channing carried the letter into my private room before he quitted the office for college."

"Locking the door?"

"Oh, dear, no! Closing the door, no doubt, but not locking it; it would have been unusual to do so."

"Jenkins was away," observed the detective, in a tone of abstraction, which told he was holding self-soliloquy, rather than addressing his companion.

Mr. Galloway rather fired at the remark, taking it in a light different from that in which it was spoken.

"Jenkins was at home at the time, confined to his bed; and, had he not been, I would answer for Jenkins's honesty as I would for my own. Can you see any possible solution of the mystery?"

"A very possible one," was the dry answer. "There is no doubt whatever upon my mind that the theft was committed by Arthur Channing."

Mr. Galloway started up with an exclamation of surprise, mingled with anger. Standing within the room was his nephew Mark. The time had gone on to nine, the hour of release from school; and, on running past Mr. Galloway's with the rest of the boys, Mark had dutifully called in. Mark and his brothers were particularly fond of calling in, for their uncle was not stingy with his sixpences, and they were always on the look-out. Mr. Mark did not get a sixpence this time.

"How dare you intrude upon me in this surreptitious way, sir? Don't you see I am engaged? I will have you knock at my room door before you enter. Take yourself off again, if you please!"

Mark, with a word of deprecation, went off, his ears pricking with the sentence he had heard from the detective—Arthur Channing the thief!

Mr. Galloway turned again to the officer. He resented the imputation.

"The Channings are altogether above suspicion, from the father downwards," he remonstrated. "Were Arthur Channing dishonestly inclined, he has had the opportunity to rob me long before this."

"Persons of hitherto honorable conduct, honest by nature and by habit, have succumbed under sudden temptation or pressing need," was the answer.

"Arthur Channing is in no pressing need. He is not hard up for money."

A smile actually curled the detective's stoical lip.

"A great many more young men are hard up for money than they let appear on the surface. The Channings are in what may be called difficulty, through the failure of their Chancery suit, and the lad must have yielded to temptation."

Mr. Galloway could not be brought to see it.

"You may as well set on and suspect Hamish," he resentfully said. "He was equally alone with the letter."

"No," was the answer of the keen officer. "Hamish Channing is in a responsible position; he would not be likely to peril it for a £20 note; and he could not know that the letter contained money." Mr. Butterby was not cognizant of quite the strict facts, you see.

"It is absurd to suspect Arthur Channing."

"Which is the most absurd—to suspect him, or to assume that the bank-note vanished without hands? dried itself up to annihilation? forced its own way through the letter and envelope, and disappeared up the chimney in a whirlwind?" asked the officer, bringing sarcasm to his aid. "If the facts be as they are stated, that only the two Channings had access to the letter, the guilt must lie with one of them. Facts are facts, Mr. Galloway."

Mr. Galloway admitted that facts were facts, but he could not be brought to allow

the guilt of Arthur Channing. The detective rose.

"You have confided the management of this affair to me," he observed, "and I make no doubt I shall be able to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. One more question I must ask you. Is it known to your clerks that you have not the number of the note?"

"Yes, it is."

"Then I fear you stand little chance of ever seeing it again. That fact known, no time would be lost in parting with it; they'd make haste to get it safe off."

Not an instant did Mr. Butterby take for consideration upon quitting Mr. Galloway.—With a sharp, unhesitating step, as though his mind had been made up for a month past, as to what his course must be, he took his way direct to the house of Mr. Joe Jenkins. That gentleman, his head tied up yet was just leaving for the office, and Mr. Butterby encountered him coming through the shop.

"Good morning, Jenkins. I want a word with you, alone."

Jenkins bowed in his civil, humble fashion—but "a word alone" was more easily asked than had, Mrs. Jenkins being all-powerful, and burning with curiosity. The officer had to exert some authority before he could get rid of her, and be left at peace with Jenkins.

"What sources of expense has Arthur Channing?" demanded he, so abruptly as to startle and confuse Jenkins.

"Sources of expense, sir?" he repeated.

"What are his habits? Does he squander money? Does he get out in an evening amidst expensive company?"

"I'm sure, sir, I cannot tell anything about it," Jenkins was mildly beginning. He was imperatively interrupted by the detective.

"I *ask to know*. You are aware that I possess authority to compel you to speak; therefore, answer me without excuse or circumlocution; it will save trouble."

"But indeed, sir, I really do *not* know," persisted Jenkins. "I should judge Mr. Arthur Channing to be a steady, well-conducted young gentleman, who has no extravagant habits. As to his evenings, I think he spends them mostly at home."

"Do you know whether he has any pressing debts?"

"I heard, him say to Mr. Yorke one day, that a twenty-pound note would pay all he owed, and leave him something out of it," spoke Jenkins, in his unconscious simplicity.

"Ah!" said Mr. Butterby, drawing in his lips, though his face remained impassive as before. "When was this?"

"Not long ago, sir; about a week, it may have been, before I met with that accident—which accident, I begin to see now, sir, happened providentially, for it caused me to be away from the office when that money was lost."

"An unpleasant loss," remarked the officer, with apparent carelessness; "and the young gentlemen must feel it so—Arthur Channing especially. Yorke, I believe, was out?"

"He does feel it very much, sir. He was as agitated about it yesterday as could be, when Mr. Galloway talked of putting it into the hands of the police. It is a disagreeable thing to have happen in an office, you know, sir."

A slight pause of silence was made by the detective ere he rejoined—

"Agitated, was he? And Mr. Roland Yorke the same, no doubt?"

"No, sir; Mr. Roland does not seem to care much about it. He thinks it must have been taken in its transit through the post-office, and I cannot help being of the same opinion, sir."

Another question or two, and Jenkins attended Mr. Butterby to the door. He was preparing to follow him from it, but a peremptory female voice arrested his egress.

"Jenkins, I want you."

"It is hard upon half-past nine, my dear. I shall be late."

"If it's hard upon half-past ten, you'll just walk here. I want you, I say."

Meek as any lamb, Mr. Jenkins returned to the back parlor, and was marshalled into a chair. Mrs. Jenkins closed the door and stood before him.

"Now, then, what did Butterby want?"

"I don't know what he wanted," replied Jenkins.

"You will sit there till you tell me," resolutely replied the lady. "I am not going to have police inquisitors making mysterious visits inside my doors, and not know what they do it for. You'll tell me every word that passed, and the sooner you begin the better."

"But I am ignorant myself of what it was he did want," mildly deprecated Jenkins. "He asked me a question or two about Mr. Arthur Channing, but why or wherefore I don't know."

Leaving Mrs. Jenkins to ferret out the questions one by one—which, you may depend upon it, she would not fail to do, and to keep Jenkins a prisoner until it was over—and leaving Mr. Butterby to proceed to the house of the cathedral organist, whither he was now bent, to ascertain whether Mr. Williams did take the organ voluntarily, and (to Arthur) unexpectedly, that past Friday afternoon, we will go on to other matters. Mr. Butterby best knew what bearing this could have upon the case. Police officers sometimes give to their inquiries a strangely wide range.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHOLESALE LARCENY OF GOVERNMENT STORES.—The Government authorities of Cincinnati have discovered that tons of stores, consisting chiefly of articles collected by ladies and sanitary commissions, forwarded to the army of the South-West for the comfort and relief of our sick and wounded soldiers, have been diverted from their course and returned to the North where they were to be offered for sale. A man named Alfred W. Hinds had possession of a quantity, and was arrested. He says he purchased them of Dr. Daniels, surgeon of the 14th Ohio, who has also been arrested. At Lima, about 65 miles from Toledo, the officers have secured ten tons of a similar kind of property, upon which there are railroad charges of $500. It is evident that a grand thieving combination has been in successful operation for months.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE EXPENSES OF THE WAR.—Secretary Chase says that the expenses of the war have been exaggerated, only an occasional day's expenses having run them up to the maximum stated in the newspapers. On a thorough review of our past, present, and prospective expenses, he does not estimate the total debt on July 1, at over $800,000,000.—He has recommended to Congress the issuing of $25,000,000 of demand Treasury Notes of denominations under $5.

Our English exchanges announce the death of Mr. S. Nelson, after a short illness, in London. The deceased has a world-wide reputation as the composer of some of the best English ballads. "The Rose of Allandale," "The Flag that Braved a Thousand Years," "Oh, Steer My Bark to Erin's Isle," "The Pilot," "Madeline," &c., are amongst the many of his compositions.

THOSE MAPS.—Considerable merriment has been made here over the map of the Siege of Yorktown, published in one or two papers. It is so notoriously incorrect as to show upon the face that the author never was on the Peninsula, and had no more knowledge of the rebel works than a child in some far-off clime. The effect of such maps is to impress upon the people a magnitude of the work before us, which is as unnecessary as it is false. No one knows, not even Gen. McClellan, the exact position or number of the rebel works. Two small points in the map we know to be incorrect, having come out with Gen. McClellan, and having rode along our lines from the York to the James river.—*Yorktown Correspondent.*

THE FIRST GERMAN GOVERNOR.—Lieut. Governor Edward Solomon, who succeeded to the Gubernatorial chair of Wisconsin on the death of Governor Harvey, is the first German who has occupied the Gubernatorial chair of any state in the Union. He is a Republican.

YORKTOWN.—All reports tending to an *immediate* general engagement of General McClellan's army before Yorktown, are incompatible with present purposes and preparations, and it will be at least twenty days before any important movement will be inaugurated by our generals. But should the enemy, meanwhile, incline to a *coup de main*, they will not find us so unprepared and lethargic as this paragraph may lead them to suppose. The *hourly expectationists* may rest at ease from all anxiety for at least three weeks; meanwhile, we prepare for them a dish which will prove ample compensation for their patience.

TRADE WITH NEW ORLEANS.—The commercial interests are already inquiring when the President intends to declare the port of New Orleans open to the trade of the world. It is asserted in high quarters that New Orleans cannot be opened until all the other southern ports are opened without breaking the blockade.

OUR ARMY ON THE TENNESSEE.—We have in the army of the Tennessee one hundred and sixty-six thousand efficient men. This was the consolidated morning report of Saturday.

YANKEE ACTIVITY.—The first shipment to New Orleans, on the news of its capture was, of course, made by a Boston firm, which dispatched, on Monday last, a cargo of 1,000 tons of ice to cool off the Crescent City—permission having been obtained from Washington to that effect.

THE Austrian Government has sent two naval engineers to America to inspect the Monitor and Merrimac, and the new coast fortifications.

SPAIN will not, as reported, withdraw her troops from Mexico. They will stay till the satisfaction demanded shall be obtained.

GEN. HUNTER has commenced organizing the contrabands into a military force, to be armed, equipped and used for service in the swampy region about the Carolina coast during the summer.

A DETACHMENT of 150 of the 1st Missouri cavalry fought and routed 600 rebel savages at Neosho, Mo., lately, capturing 63 men and 70 horses, and a large quantity of arms.

THE skeleton of the fast horse, Eclipse, which died in 1780, at the age of 25 years, has been purchased for a hundred guineas by the Trustees of the Veterinary College at Edinburgh.

GEN. MITCHELL has occupied Bridgeport, routed and driven away the enemy, and brought his brilliant operations in that region to a close, by reporting all Alabama, north of the Tennessee, completely under United States control. Contrabands at Fortress Monroe from Norfolk report that Beauregard has evacuated Corinth and fallen back upon Memphis. (Doubtful.)

THE London Times editorially expatiates on the importance of the struggle for New Orleans, and says that the occupation of that place by the Union troops would be a tourniquet tightened over the great artery of the seceded states.

INTERESTING TO DEBTORS AND CREDITORS.—We revive the fact, not generally known, that a few days since Judge Woodward, of the Supreme Court of this state, pronounced a decision declaring that the stay law of Pennsylvania, passed in May, 1861, is unconstitutional, mainly for the reason that it makes the right of a judgment-creditor to have execution against his debtor dependent on the agreement of a majority of the creditors whose demands exceed two-thirds of the debtor's entire indebtedness, and imposes no limit to the stay which the majority of the creditors may agree to. No discretion is left to the court, and the creditors aforesaid may extend the stay indefinitely.

GEN. PRICE.—The Memphis Appeal of the 15th contains the address of Gen. Sterling Price to his troops, on resigning his command, as also the letter of Adjutant-General Hough, accepting the resignation. Hough's letter is dated Des Arc, Arkansas, April 8th, and Price's address, Des Arc, April 9th.

GENERAL POPE'S DIVISION.—An exchange learns from a reliable source that Gen. Pope's division, on the Tennessee river, did not halt at Pittsburg Landing. They continued their voyage up to Eastport, some twenty miles above, where it is likely they are to act in co-operation with Gen. Mitchell, in a flank movement on Corinth.

THE DEFENCE OF RICHMOND.—Gen. Gustavus Smith commands the army defending Richmond on the Fredericksburg side, which includes Wigfall's brigade. Smith has lately received heavy reinforcements, troops having returned who were sent to Yorktown weeks ago. This report is confirmed by contrabands and deserters.

OUR VOLUNTEERS.—Thurlow Weed, in a recent letter from Europe, says that the persistence of our volunteers in facing batteries, and storming redoubts, under fire, has won the commendation of veteran military officers in Europe, who look for no such results in raw volunteers.

THE fleet at New Orleans consists of forty-six sail, carrying two hundred and eighty-six guns, and twenty-one mortars, the whole under command of Flag Officer D. S. Farragut—Henry H. Bell, flag captain.

COL. CROCKER and Major Cassady, who went over to the enemy at Yorktown the other day, belonged to a New York regiment.

CHAS. A. DANA, late of the Tribune, has been appointed by Secretary Stanton, one of the commissioners to examine into the war expenditures at Cairo.

ELEVEN hundred dollars, collected in the city of New York, have been sent to John Davis, "the man who sat on the powder."

HINTS AT TREACHERY IN NEW ORLEANS.

From the Norfolk Day Book.

The telegraph tells this morning the most deplorable tale ever heard in America, or, we believe, in the whole world. Two contemptible little steamers have come up to the great city of New Orleans—inhabited by a population of two hundred thousand souls, defended by miles upon miles of columbiads and rifled cannon, possessing six floating batteries of immense power, and containing within her bosom not less than thirty thousand disciplined troops—and have commanded the authorities to haul down the Confederate flag! As we write, there had been no intelligence of its having been hauled down; but we are prepared to expect the worst.

Sailing through miles of the heaviest artillery, it does not appear that so much as a single shot was fired at these two little steamers. On the contrary, everything seems to have been prepared beforehand for their quiet reception. The troops were immediately withdrawn lest they might feel disposed to demur, all the defences on the lake were dismantled, the guns were thrown down without being injured, the steamboats, that could have gotten up steam in an hour and been off, were burned, and the defenders were drawn off to a distant point.

Never since the world began was there such a transaction—so dark, so mysterious, so altogether unaccountable.

The telegraph, thus far, gives a very confused account of this most mysterious and most deplorable affair. Terrible suspicions are afloat, but we hold it best not to give voice to them until something more definite shall have reached us.

OLD HUNDRED IN CAMP.

On Sunday evening, a few hours after sunset, while we were sitting in our tent in company with several other "specials," one of our number, laying his hand upon our knee, suddenly said to us,—"Hark! what is that?" In a second all had ceased talking, and every ear endeavored to catch the sound which had attracted the attention of his comrade. There was a silence for a moment, and then there was wafted across the air the music of that glorious anthem, "Old Hundred," in which it seemed a thousand voices were participating.

All of us immediately sought the open air, and there stood until the last note died away upon our ear. Never before have we heard anything so magnificently grand as that same "Old Hundred," sung by the soldiers of the Union army on the plains of Yorktown. The air was made vocal with the music, and the woods around reverberated with the mighty strain. Beneath the canopy of heaven the soldier gazed upward into the starlight sky, and sang unto God, "from whom all blessings flow," an anthem that stirred in the heart of man the best and holiest emotions. The incident was a sublime one either for the poet or the artist.—*Yorktown Correspondent of Inquirer.*

THE GRAVES AT PITTSBURG LANDING OF THE DEAD OF SHILOH.—The graves of many of the deceased patriots are adorned with running ivy, evergreen, and wild flowers, and some few of them are enclosed in small log cabins. A wooden slab denotes the resting place of many a comrade. Upon the slabs at the graves one often perceives appropriate inscriptions. The Illinois dead seem to be all entitled to this consideration, while many of the graves of Indiana soldiers exhibit proofs of the frequent visits of friends. The following is inscribed upon a slab at the grave of Frank Larmers, of an Indiana regiment:

"Liste Viator; Heroem calcas!"

Upon the grave of an Indiana soldier named H. C. Markham:

"No sound can awake him to glory again."

Four soldiers from Illinois were buried in a romantic vale, and upon their grave a slab informed me that reposing there were

"Four heroes."

In close proximity I saw a grave, tastefully fixed up; a rack fence protected it, and the epitaph described the remains as being those of Henri Muller:

"He died for his beloved country."

Snatches of poetry I discovered upon many of the grave stones, neatly and appropriately inscribed.

The graves of many of the Iowa, Wisconsin, and Ohio regiments are tastefully made, but generally unaccompanied by epitaphs.

The rebel graves are in good order, most especially those which have been constructed by our soldiers.

EMBALMING THE DEAD.—A Washington correspondent gives the following account of the process of embalming:—

"The body is placed on an inclined platform, the mouth, ears, nose, &c., are stopped with cotton; if wounded, cotton is put in the wound, and a plaster is put on; an incision is made in the wrist, the attachment is made from an air pump, and fluid is ejected into the arteries. The wound is then sewed up and the body is hoisted up to dry. To save the eyes from sinking in, wax is put under the eyelids. The hair I found to come out very easy, but after the embalming it could not be removed. The bodies take on an average about seven quarts. There were some eight bodies on hand; some had been there thirty days. The operators say in four months the body will become solidified like marble, but no chance has yet been had to prove it. Col. Baker's body, on arriving at San Francisco, was in an advanced state of decomposition. Dr. Holmes, late of Williamsburg, Long Island, is the oldest in the business here, and I am informed he has made $30,000.

"Messrs. Brown & Alexander are trying to get a bill through Congress for the exclusive right to embalm bodies, and to have Congress authorize a corps of embalmers for each division. The charges are $50 for an officer, and $25 for a private, and I must say the bodies look as life-like as if they were asleep."

LATEST BALL DRESS OF EUGENIE.—Our lady readers will be interested in this description of one of the latest ball dresses worn by the Empress Eugenie:

A robe of white tulle, covered with trimmings up to the knees, looking like a veritable cloud, with diamonds scattered all over it. The sash was not worn round the waist, but as a scarf. The lower part of the body was of sky blue, with wide points before and behind, and covered with diamonds. Blue velvet bows were placed on the shoulder with aigrettes of diamonds. The necklace of diamonds upon blue velvet, rather close round the throat. The coiffure was a bow of blue velvet, upon which were diamond wheat-ears: at the side leaves of the same color as the bow, forming a half-wreath; in the middle of these leaves were pendants, which produced a charming and brilliant effect. Some curls descended from the back hair, which was fastened by a comb with diamonds, forming a diadem. Diamonds on velvet of light shade had not been seen before, but the effect produced was very beautiful. The sash worn as a scarf is called ceinture bayadere. It is very narrow, draped at the back of the body, and tied in a bow at the front.

REBEL BARBARITIES.

The Senate Committee on the Conduct of the War have made a report in which they state, in regard to the atrocities perpetrated by the rebels at Manassas, that the bodies of the National soldiers were left to decay in the open air, their bones being carried off as trophies, to be used as personal adornments; and one witness distinctly avers that the head of one of our most gallant officers was cut off by a secessionist, to be turned into a drinking cup on the occasion of his marriage. The Committee have been informed that during the last two weeks, the skull of a Union soldier has been exhibited in the office of the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives, which had been converted to such a purpose, and which had been found on the person of one of the rebel prisoners taken in a recent conflict.

Gov. Sprague has no doubt of the burning of the bodies of one of our officers at Bull Run, on the supposition that it was that of the gallant Col. Slocum.

RELIC MANUFACTURING.—A letter from a "Pennsylvania Reserve," stationed near Manassas, says:—"Quite a large number of civilians from the North arrive here daily for the purpose of visiting the battle-field. Relics are in great demand, and as the supply is getting short, prices have advanced wonderfully within the last few days. I saw a gentleman from New York pay twenty dollars for a 12-pounder rifled cannon slug, the other day. Some of the boys, who are "up to snuff," are manufacturing bogus relics. By means of vinegar they make their pistols and knives rusty, and sell them to the "green civilians," for genuine Bull Run relics, at enormous prices. Old worn-out five dollar pistols, preserved in vinegar, sell readily at from $15 to $20. Knives, which originally cost from $1 to $2, command from $5 to $10. Thus you see how easily the innocent public is gulled by the wicked sons of Mars."

LATE FROM NORFOLK—TATNALL SHOWING HIS GOOD SENSE.—Fugitives from Norfolk confirm the reported resignation of the rebel Commodore Tatnall, and furnish the reason for it. It seems that he sailed with sealed orders in the Merrimac, but, on opening them, found that he was ordered to run the blockade and proceed up York river, whereupon he returned and resigned his commission, as did all his officers. There were over 6,000 troops at and about Norfolk. Three companies rebelled and stacked arms. It was also reported that a part of Magruder's force had mutinied at Williamsburg. Tatnall publishes a letter, stating the folly of attempting to cope with the U. S. navy with their inefficient preparations.

PATRIOTISM AND THE TAX BILL.—Patriotism, my boy, is a very beautiful thing.—The surgeon of a Western regiment has analyzed a very nice case of it, and says that it is peculiar to this hemisphere. He says it first breaks out in the mouth, and thence extends to the heart, causing the latter to swell. He says it goes on raging until it reaches the pocket, when it suddenly disappears, leaving the patient very constitutional and conservative. "Bless me!" says the surgeon, intently regarding a spoon with a tumbler round it, "if a genuine American ever dies of patriotism, it will be because the TAX Bill hasn't been applied soon enough." I believe him, my boy.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The foreign news has imparted a better feeling in the market for Breadstuffs generally, and holders of Flour are asking an advance of 12½@25c ₱ bbl; some 9000 bbls found buyers, mostly for shipment, at $5@5,25 for common and good superfine; $5,37½@5,50 for extras; $5,50@5,75 for family, and $5,87½@6,25 for fancy do, as in quality. The sales to the trade have been to a moderate extent within the same range of prices, including high grade fancies at $6,50@7 ₱ bbl, according to brand. Rye Flour is better, and some 300 bbls, all offered, sold in lots at $3,37½@3,50 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is unchanged; the demand continues limited, with sales of about 400 bbls Pennsylvania at $2,25@3,70, and 1200 bbls Brandywine at a price kept private.

GRAIN—The market has been poorly supplied with wheat, and under a good demand both for shipment and milling, prices are 5@6c better; sales reached about 30,000 bus good and prime Pennsylvania reds, mostly taken before arrival at $1,37@1,38; some small lots Southern do on terms kept private, and white at from $1,34 to $1,50, as in quality, including some prime Kentucky at $1,45, and choice Southern at our highest figures. Rye is better, and all the Pennsylvania offered has been taken at 72@74c. Corn continues in good request and scarce at a further improvement, and about 40,000 bus, mostly prime Southern yellow, brought 55@56c. Some small sales of white are reported at 62@63c. Oats continue in active demand, and all offered, some 18,000 bus, found ready sale at 38@39c, and close at 40c for prime Pennsylvania in store and afloat, and 37c for Southern on the cars, which is an advance. Barley and Malt are quiet and prices nearly nominal.

PROVISIONS—The news from the West has caused a better feeling in the market for the Hog product generally, and prices are without any material change. Mess Pork has been selling in lots at $12,25@12,50 for Western, and $13 for city, and Mess Beef at $13,50@13,60 ₱ bbl, the latter for city packed. Of Bacon the sales have been limited at 8@9c for common and fancy Hams; 5½@6½c for Sides; 5@5½c for Shoulders. Green Meats have been more active, with large sales of bulk Shoulders at 4½@4½c, Sides 4½@5½c, and Hams at 5@5½c, cash and short time; new generally held higher. Lard is steady, with further sales of about 1500 pkgs at 7¾@8½c for tes and bbls, and 8¼@8½c for Kegs, mostly cash, the former for country packed. Butter is steady at 8@10c for packed, and 13@17c for Roll, as to quality. Cheese is better and selling at 7@8c ₱ lb. Eggs move off in whole lots at 10@11c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The stock on sale is very much reduced. The sales comprise a few small lots, mostly middling and good middling quality at 30cents ₱ lb, cash.

ASHES—Both Pots and Pearls are selling in a small way at quotations.

BARK—The arrivals are light, and the demand for Quercitron fair, with further small receipts and sales at $33½ for last No 1. Tanners' Bark meets with ready sale at about $13 for Chestnut and $15 ₱ cord for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX continues in request and scarce at 23c ₱ lb.

COAL—There is more firmness in the market for Anthracite, at previous quoted rates. Orders are more plenty from the East, and the market generally is more active.

COFFEE—The market continues dull, and the stocks and receipts light, with further sales of 1500 bags, mostly Rio, within the range of 18½@21c, as to quality, on the usual credit; 2000 bags Laguayra sold for export at 15c, cash, in bond.

COPPER is without alteration, and a small business doing, mostly in Yellow Metal, at 24c ₱ lb, on time.

FEATHERS are scarce, and good Western are selling at 38@40c ₱ lb, the latter for prime lots.

FRUIT—Dried Fruit is inactive, apples selling slowly at 5@6c, and unpared Peaches at 7@8c ₱ lb, and the demand limited.

HAY—The market is firmer, and good Timothy rather scarce at 65@75c the 100 lbs.

HEMP remains inactive, and with but little stock here out of the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS continue dull, and neglected, and the sales in a small way only at 15@18c for Eastern and Western.

IRON—There is very little movement in pig metal; some 800 tons Anthracite have been disposed of at $23 for No 1 and $21 for No 2, including 350 tons forge at $20, all on time. In manufactured there is a good steady demand, principally for bars, which are bringing better prices.

LEAD is somewhat unsettled, and there is more Galena offering, mostly to arrive, sales of 3000 pigs are reported at $6,62½@6,73 the 100 lbs; 50 tons soft English sold to come here at $6,40.

LUMBER is arriving and selling more freely, and we quote rafted Hemlock at $5@7; White Pine boards range at $15@16, and Yellow Sap do at $12@14 ₱ M. Laths are taken in lots at $1,25@1,30.

MOLASSES—The market is firm and the demand for prime quality very good at fully former rates; sales reach 700 hhds, mostly Cuba muscovado, at 27@31c, including Porto Rico, in lots, at 37@40c, all on the usual credit.

PLASTER—Further sales of soft are reported at $3,25@3,37½ ₱ ton, at which rates the demand is steady.

RICE—The stock of Carolina is very much reduced, and the demand limited at 7@7¼c. East India ranges at 5¼@6¼c ₱ lb, with moderate sales.

SEEDS—There is very little doing in any kind, the active season being about over. Cloverseed ranges at $4,25@4,50; Timothy at $1,50@1,75; and Flaxseed at $2@2,10 ₱ bus, and the offerings and sales light. Red Top is selling at $2,50 ₱ sack.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are firm but quiet, at quotations. N E Rum sells as wanted at 36@37c. Whiskey is unchanged, bbls selling rather more freely at 23@24c, and Drudge at 21½c.

SUGARS—The market continues very firm, the wet weather limiting the operations to about 1000 hhds, mostly Cuba, taken early in the week, at 6¾@7½c, and Porto Rico at 7¾@8¾c, all on the usual credit.

TALLOW is rather better, with sales of Western, to some extent, at 8¾c, and Butchers' at 9c ₱ lb. Country is worth 8@8½c.

TOBACCO continues quiet, with a very reduced stock to operate in, and prices rule about the same.

WOOL—There is rather more inquiry for this staple, but the market is unsettled and drooping, and about 50,000 lbs, mostly fine Fleece, have been taken at 45@48c ₱ lb, chiefly at the former rate, net cash.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1200 head. Prices varying from 7 to 9c ₱ lb net. 50 Cows were sold at from $40 to 45 ₱ head. 3500 head of Sheep were disposed of at from $5,00 to 5,50 ₱ cwt. 645 Hogs brought from $5,00 to 6,00 ₱ cwt net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER & CO., 115 Nassau St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St. N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth Street, Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 98 West 5th St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 30th ultimo, by Friends' ceremony, SARAH LOUISA, daughter of Chas. Gibbons, to EDWARD MORRIS DAVIS, Jr. son of the late Isaac R. Davis.

On Tuesday evening, April 29th, by the Rev. P. Brooks, Mr. WILLIAM B. SCOTT, to SALLIE E. daughter of Wm. S. Carpenter, Esq.

On the 29th ultimo, at St. Andrew's Church, by the Right Rev. Wm. B. Stevens, D. D., CLIFFORD, son of the late John Pemberton, Esq. to HELENA A. AUGUSTA, daughter of the late Wm. H. Fryer, Esq., Surgeon H. B. Majesty's 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. Saml. A. Durborow, Mr. GEORGE B. DOLPHIN, to Miss SALLIE A. WALL, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. J. T. Cooper, Mr. EDWARD H. HAMSON, to Mrs. MARGARET A. MORRISON, both of this city.

On the 26th of March, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM H. MAXWELL, to Miss ANNIE F. BENGER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Washington, D. C., on the 5th of April, PHILIP O'CONNOR, son of Wm. D. and Ellen M. O'Connor, aged 2 years, 3 months and 1 week. (Incorrectly printed last week.)

On the 29th ultimo, ANNA J. GRAHAM, daughter of David and Mary J. Graham.

Suddenly, on board of the Ocean Queen, off Fortress Monroe, on the 30th ultimo, Major HENRY L. BENNER, Paymaster in the U. S. A., in his 57th year.

At his late residence in Camden, N. J. on Sunday, 27th ultimo, WILLIAM H. CRUMP, in his 63d year.

On the 29th ultimo, Mrs. MARGARET HAMILTON, in her 84th year.

On the 26th ultimo, ROBERT MORROW, in his 49th year.

In Bristol, on the 27th ultimo Miss ANNIE ROBERTS, in her 26th year.

On the 25th ultimo, REBECCA, wife of Andrew Keyser, in her 71st year.

On the 28th ultimo, Mr. GEORGE SMITH, aged 45 years.

On the 27th ultimo, ELIZA LEGER, in her 63d year.

On the 27th ultimo, EPHRAIM F. MYERS, formerly of Concord, Del. county, Pa. in his 50th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, May 8, 1862.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	5 to 50 dis
Canada	par	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	1 dis.	New Hampshire	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	1 dis.	New Jersey	par to 1 dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	par.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	1 dis.
Illinois	4 to 75 dis.	North Carolina	50 dis.
Indiana	1 to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia	15 dis.
Iowa	1 dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to 60 dis.
Kentucky	2 to 30 dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Louisiana	50 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	1 to 1 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	1 dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	1 to 50 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2 to 65 dis.
Mississippi	—		

KOLLOCK'S DANDELION COFFEE.

This preparation, Made from the best Java Coffee, is recommended by physicians as a superior, NUTRITIOUS BEVERAGE for General Debility, Dyspepsia, and all Bilious disorders. Thousands who have been compelled to abandon the use of Coffee, will see this without injurious effects. One CAN contains the strength of two pounds of ordinary coffee. Price, 25 cents.

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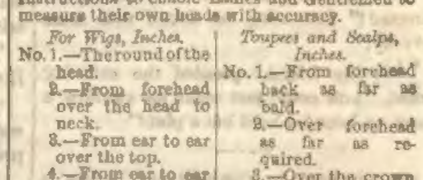

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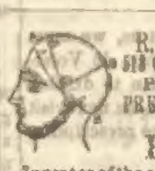

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Wit and Humor.

ANECDOTES.

Dr. Garth, of Edinburgh, was fond of a good thing out of in his practice. Stumbling into a church one day while the sermon was in progress, he found the preacher in tears as he poured out words, not thoughts, upon his listening congregation.

"What makes him weep?" asked Dr. Garth of one standing near him.

"By my faith," was the answer, "and you would weep too if you were in his place and had as little to say."

"Come along, my dear fellow," responded the doctor to his new acquaintance, "come and dine with me; you are too good a fellow to be here."

This was the same Dr. Garth of whom another story is told. He stayed one night at the club long after he had said he must be off to see some patients. At length one of his friends, becoming uneasy about the poor fellows, told him he had better stop drinking and be off.

"It's no great matter," Garth replied, "whether I see them to-night or not; for nine of them have such bad constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't save them, and the other six have such good constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't kill them."

Speaking of doctors recalls Rabelais, who was very severe on his brethren in his last moments. He saw several of them consulting, and raising his head from his pillow, with a sad smile he said, "Dear gentlemen, let me die a natural death."

Dr. Mead was at one time the greatest of all the London doctors, and was assailed in a pamphlet by Dr. Woodward, Professor of Physic at the Gresham College. The doctors met, a fight ensued with swords. Mead disarmed his adversary, and ordered him to beg for his life.

"Never!" said Woodward—"never, till I am your patient!"

Under the circumstances, that is as good as anything we ever heard.

But, being among the doctors, we must tell one more:—"The little Abbe de Voisenon was ordered by his physician to drink a quart of water every hour. On the next visit the doctor asked what effect the prescription had produced.

"Not any," answered the Abbe.

"Did you drink a quart every hour, as I directed?" demanded the doctor with some severity.

"Ah, my friend," pleaded the suffering priest, "how could you make me swallow a quart an hour? I hold but a pint!"

"Over here in Connecticut," writes a genial friend, "we have two great, not too great, blessings: a couple of doctors, one who preaches and one who practices. The Rev. Dr. ———, our worthy pastor, has one weakness: he is often sent for, in the way of his profession, to visit and console the sick, and having once experienced the benefit of a *carrot poultice*, he recommends it for everything. Our village medical doctor is sadly annoyed by this interference; for the people think so much of the minister they will follow his advice, and all the more about their bodies than their souls. Dr. Pills comes in and finds that the rheumatic patient has a carrot poultice; and the typhus fever has a carrot poultice; and the pleurisy has the same; and the sore throat has the same; and he is out of all patience with the minister who thus bothers him in his business.

"Last winter we had a parish meeting to devise ways and means to repair the church-bell, which was unhappily cracked by a sudden blow one frosty morning. The worthy minister learnedly discoursed on the subject, and said it could not be mended: it must be taken down and recast, or it would never ring again. Then up rose Dr. Pills, and moved that before giving up the bell as lost they should try what virtue there is in a *carrot poultice*. Everybody in town, he said, that was a little cracked, was using it, and he would like to see it tried.

"The hit was palpable, and produced an audible smile throughout the serious assembly. The minister had sense enough to take the joke, and from that time onward he has let sick people get well without the aid of his carrot poultice."

"One of our country 'neighbors' in Missouri, Joe Irvine by name, was at the house of a Union friend of mine, who was attempting to convert Joe from the error of his ways by enumerating the various wise things which have been done by the present Administration, and, among other things, the blockade of the Mississippi was spoken of. 'Why,' says Joe, 'this blockade business just shows how ignorant Lincoln is; don't the fool know that the tide will wash all the blocks out of the river, and the first big fresh would carry every bit of brush clean into the Atlantic Ocean?'

"Now I thought that, for a man of property, and one who thinks himself something extra, was rather too rich.

Mr. Mason returned from a drive, and his horse being much heated, after he had drunk half a pail of water Mr. M. tells Pat, his hostler, not to give him any more water.

Mr. Mason was obliged to go from town the next day, and on his return, after a fortnight's absence, finds the horse in a distressed and almost dying condition. Examining Pat as to the food, water, etc., that the horse had had, Pat exclaimed, "Water, yer honor? ye toold me not to give him any more water!"

Not long since I passed through the Wyoming Valley on the accommodation train of the L. and B. railroad. As usual on such trains we stopped a long time at each station, and it seemed as if there were stations every five minutes. Of course there was much grumbling among the passengers, and finally, as we stopped at a place called East Pittston a half hour or more, everybody's patience was exhausted. One impatient passenger very fretfully asked of another, "What do they stop so long *here* for?" "Why," answered my friend, "you see this is the *accommodation* train. Didn't you see the Rev. Dr. Nelson get off the train? He has gone down town to preach, and they are waiting for him. He preaches at Lackawanna, the station above, also. You understand, my friend, this is the ACCOMMODATION train."

A lady in California gives an amusing incident in her travels:—"In 1854 my husband went to Texas to buy a drove of cattle, and I went with him. From Little Rock, in Arkansas, we travelled by land. One day the pole of the carriage broke, and we had to stop at a farm house while the driver went back several miles to get the pole mended. Among our baggage I had my guitar, and as it had not been unpacked since we left New York, I took it out to while away the hours. The women and children of the house heard the music, and gathered around me to listen. At length the old lady held up both hands, and exclaimed, 'Well, the land's sake! I've hearn tell of pyanners, but I never seed one afore.'"

A Marylander says that in the middle of that state there lives a preacher who has two sons. The older boy having fallen in love, was often teased by the younger, who was joined by the father in this fun. The annoyance went on until the poor fellow could stand it no longer; but having a profound reverence for his father, he did not wish to offend him, and so he broke out, and said,

"Father, you and Tom tell tales about me, and you tell them just alike; *but Tom lies!*"

This was a delicate insinuation certainly, and the inference was very strong that the old man *lied* too; still he was not so charged by his discriminating son. "I do not say," remarked Mr. Brown, "that Jones is a thief, but I do say that if his farm joined mine, I would not try to keep sheep."

Old Parson Rives, down in Tennessee, was sent by Conference to preach to the negroes in a distant part of the state. He was a man of very dark complexion, but would never have been mistaken for a negro. Meeting one of the saucy overseers, the parson entered into conversation with him, and said—

"Perhaps you do not know me; I'm Mr. Rives, the negro Preacher."

"Oh, yes," said the fellow, "I knew you was a negro, but I didn't know you was a preacher."—*Harper's Monthly.*

READING THE BIBLE.

Read your Bible *slowly*. Take *time*, even if you have but little time.

A great mathematician once said, if his life depended upon solving a problem in two minutes, he would spend one of the two in deciding how to do it. So in reading the Scriptures; if you are pressed for time (and this ought to be a rare case) then spend the precious moments on a portion of a chapter. When you feel that the mind and heart begin to drink in the sentiment, even of a single verse, then stop and drain the heavenly chalice, because the Divine Spirit is filling thy cup. It is a true, solemn and interesting thought, that we are to wait, to linger, to tarry for the blessing to come from the word before us.

To search the Scriptures with the clear, unmoted eye of meditation, secures treasures of knowledge known only to him who thus coolly, piously and philosophically studies the Word of God.

Let any man give us a reason why, when the Scriptures are read so much, memory retains so little, that quotations are so blundering and incorrect, if the reason is not found in the fact of hasty reading of the Word of God. There, as elsewhere, man must reap as he sows.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Effects of Railroad Travelling.—Railroad travelling, in its effect upon the health, has been carefully investigated by a French physician, and he comes, after protracted investigation and inquiry, to the following conclusions:—1. The effect of railroads on the general health, leaving out of view some exceptional cases, are of the most beneficial nature. 2. Accidents of every description are by far less frequent than among those who make use of other means of locomotion. 3. Their operation on the health of all those employed on them, in every department, is very satisfactory. Multitudes of our readers can testify that the effect of a few hours railroading, in summer, is excellent. It tones up the whole system, and gives freshness and alacrity to the spirits. In winter, we do not think as much can be said for its effects. You often get into a close, overheated car, breathe bad air for a few hours, and suffer from chilled feet, while the head and chest are over-heated, and get no medical benefit. On a few well-managed roads the case may be different—and might be so on all.

Unmarried Women.—"I speculate much on the existence of unmarried and never-to-be married women, now-a-days; and I have already got to the point of considering that there is no more respectable character on this earth than an unmarried woman who makes her way through life quietly, perseveringly, without support of husband or brother; and having attained the age of forty-five or upwards, retains in her possession a well-regulated mind, a disposition to enjoy simple pleasures, and fortitude to support inevitable pains, sympathy with the sufferings of others, and willingness to relieve want as far as her means extend."—*Charlotte Bronte.*

TOO BAD.

Professor Pumper.—"May I ask, Miss Blank, why you are making those little pellets?"

Miss B.—"Well, I don't know. It is a habit I have. I always make bread pills when I feel bored at dinner!"

INJURIES CAUSED BY LIGHTNING.

Three cases are published in late numbers of the London Lancet, which go far to show that, contrary to the generally received opinion, metallic substances about the person are a protection, rather than a cause of danger, when individuals are struck by lightning. Dr. Duncan relates one case. A lady had taken shelter under a large tree, the trunk of which was struck one hundred feet from the ground, the bark being torn off down to about a level with the woman's head. The lightning then, leaving the tree, seemed to have passed around the wirework in the front of her bonnet, and thence down the steel plate in the front of her stays, to her feet, and into the ground. The skin of her forehead and face was blistered, the sides and front of her neck and chest charred, both thighs and knees burnt inside, and the right foot blistered, her under linen and shawl taking fire. Her arms, hands, abdomen, and legs from the knees to the feet, as well as her head and the back part of her body escaped injury. She was rendered insensible, but was soon in a fair way of recovery.

Mr. Brent, the deputy coroner for Middlesex, gives the other two cases, which, it is remarkable, considering their similarity, happened within a fortnight of each other. The first was that of a man and his wife standing under one umbrella, beneath two elm trees. The husband, whose life was saved, says they were about leaving, and he recollected nothing more till he found himself lying by the side of his dead wife. The lightning had struck his neck on the right side, had passed along a metal watch-guard which he wore, blackening his right brace near it, to the watch, then to his right pocket and purse containing several gold and silver coins, indenting and blackening them, seared the right thigh, and emerged by a hole in his clothes above the knee. He was probably insensible about a quarter of an hour. His wife had no metallic substances in her dress, and the lightning had passed from her body to the ground through her right boot.

Mr. Brent's other case was that of two men under an umbrella—a flash of lightning striking the ground near by, and seeming to glance thence toward them, causing them both to fall. The umbrella, with steel ribs, was shattered to pieces, and one of the men instantly killed, a brownish mark being observed from his head, which was greatly discolored, down the body to the soles of his feet, and his clothes were torn. He had no watch or watch-guard about his person, nor metallic substance in his pocket. The survivor had on a watch and a steel watchguard, the latter of which is spoken of as being "completely destroyed," and along its course a black line was seen on the skirt. His lower limbs were paralyzed by the shock, and his boots torn to pieces. He soon recovered.

☞ At the recent "blessing of bells," at the new Catholic church in Boston, a gentleman who had a beautiful daughter *Catherine*, gave $52 for the privilege of making one of the three new bells her *namesake*. It was accordingly called St. Catherine, the baptism being performed by a bishop.

Agricultural.

SOWING FLOWER SEEDS.

About the first of May and after for two weeks, flowering seeds should be sown, and a dollar spent in procuring the best varieties, unless they should be on hand from the previous season, will afford twenty dollars' worth of pleasure. These varieties should include, among others, the Asters, Phlox, Drummondii, Sweet Alyssum, Blue Grove, Mignonette, Portulaccas, New Golden Chrysanthemum, (summer flowering,) Sweet Peas, Double China Pink, Dwarf Convolulus, Burridgii, Flowering Larkspur, Lupias, Sulpiglossis, Eryaimuse, Peroffskyanum Scabiosa Major, Petunias, Galibardia, Picta, Pansy, &c., &c.

The ground for flower seeds should be light and rich, and made as fine as possible. The seeds should be sown very thinly on the surface, and carefully and lightly raked in. Of course no one must attempt to cultivate flowers without keeping the ground perfectly free of weeds, often stirred, and if needed, watered.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

MIGNONETTE AS A TREE.

Buy a pot of ordinary mignonette. This pot will probably contain a tuft composed of many plants produced from seeds. Pull up all but one; and, as the mignonette is one of the most rustic of plants, which may be treated without any delicacy, the single plant that is left in the middle of the pot may be rigorously trimmed, leaving only one shoot. This shoot you must attach to a slender stick of white osier. The extremity of this shoot will put forth a bunch of flower buds, that must be cut off entirely, leaving not a single bud. The stalk, in consequence of this treatment, will put out a multitude of young shoots, that must be allowed to develope freely until they are about three inches and a half long. Then select out of these four, six, or eight, according to the strength of the plant, with equal spaces between them. Now, with a slender rod of white osier, or better, with a piece of whalebone, make a hoop, and attach your shoots to it, supported at the proper height. When they have grown two or three inches longer, and are going to bloom, support them by a second hoop like the first. Let them bloom; but take off the seed pods before they have time to form, or the plant may perish. It will not be long before new shoots will appear just below the places where the flowers were. From among these new shoots, choose the one on each branch which is in the best situation to replace what you have nipped off. Little by little, the principal stalk, and also the branches, will become woody, and your mignonette will no longer be an herbaceous plant, except at its upper extremities, which will bloom all the year without interruption. It will be truly a tree mignonette, living for an indefinite period; for, with proper treatment, a tree mignonette will live twelve to fifteen years. I have seen them in Holland double this age. —*Parlor Gardener.*

TRANSPLANTING IN THE NIGHT.

A friend in whose powers of observation we have confidence, and who is an exact experimenter, informs us that last spring and summer he made the following experiments: He transplanted ten cherry trees while in blossom, commencing at four o'clock in the afternoon and transplanting one each hour, until one in the morning. Those transplanted during daylight shed their blossoms, producing little or no fruit, while those planted during the darker portions maintained their condition fully. He did the same with ten dwarf pear trees after the fruit was one-third grown. Those transplanted during the day shed their fruit; those transplanted during the night perfected their crop and showed no injury from having been removed. With each of these trees he removed some earth with the roots.

We are well aware that when plants are accidentally frozen in green-houses it is customary to render the house dark before applying cold water to thaw them; and that when this is not observed they are injured, while if entire darkness be secured during the operation, many of them are saved. But the experiment of our friend seems to have but little analogy to this fact and is entirely new to us.

We shall be glad to receive information on this subject from our readers, and hope that numerous kindred experiments will be made during the coming season.—*Working Farmer.*

Maple Sugar Cleared with Milk and Eggs.—I have seen several articles on maple sugar, and a notice of some samples that were made without clearing the syrup with milk and eggs. The writer seems to think that milk and eggs darken the sugar. Enclosed I send a sample of our sugar, cleared with milk and eggs. If the samples received heretofore are superior to this, we will try again.—William Cattell, Brownsville, Penn. [We have never had a sample of maple sugar that looked or tasted better than this.—*Ohio Farmer.*]

To Prevent Cows from Kicking.—Put a trace chain tightly around the cow *forward* of the hips.

I had a heifer last season that kicked so that she could not be milked. My man put a chain around her a few times, and it broke her entirely.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Grafting Grape Vines.—A correspondent of the New Hampshire *Journal of Agriculture* gives a very simple mode of grafting grape vines. He says:

The vines should be from three-fourths of an inch to an inch through. Cut them close to the ground when the leaves are the size of a cent. Split the stock and set the scions as you would apple scions, excepting that the scarf should be longer and the scion larger. This is necessary on account of the pithy nature of the scion. Cover the stock three or four inches deep with soft earth, without wax, or anything else, unless the stock is too small to hold the scion, and then it may be fastened with a string. Keep all the sprouts picked closely the first season. The scions should be cut in the fall, having three good buds on them. Care should be taken that they keep moist. I treated some barren vines in this way, that I had in my field, and the scions grew some ten feet the first season. One bore a bunch of grapes. In sixteen months they bore three or four quarts of good grapes.

Sugar Making.—The Farmington Chronicle says:—

We used to be told that the sap of the white maple would make only about half as much sugar as that of the sugar maple. Several experimenters now assure us that this is a mistake—and that the sap of the white maple is fully as valuable as that of the sugar maple! There is one fact that some have not discovered yet, that is, that maples which stand in a leaning position will not run well when tapped on the upper side. Another fact is that trees when tapped on two opposite sides, will run as much again as when tapped only once.

Useful Receipts.

Gum Arabic Starch.—Take two ounces of white gum arabic powder, and put it into a pitcher, and pour on it a pint or more of boiling water, (according to the degree of strength you desire) and then, having covered it, let it set all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it, and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum water stirred into a pint of starch, that has been made in the usual manner, will give lawns, either white, black, or printed, a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them after washing. It is also good, much diluted, for thin white muslin and bobinet.

Scalds and Burns.—The best, most instantaneous, and most accessible remedy in the world, is to thrust the injured part in cold water, send for a physician, and while he is coming, cover the part an inch or more deep with common flour. The water gives instantaneous relief by excluding the oxygen of the air; the flour does the same thing, but is preferable, because it can be kept more continuously applied, with less inconvenience, than by keeping the parts under water. As they get well, the flour scales off, or is easily moistened and removed. If the injury is at all severe, the patient should live mainly on tea and toast, or gruels, and keep the bowels acting freely every day, by eating raw apples, stewed fruits, and the like. No better and more certain cure for scalds and burns has ever been proposed.

Court Plaster.—Put 4 beeve's feet into a large quantity of water: let them boil until the meat will leave the bone; then take them out, skim the oil carefully off, put the liquor on again in a smaller vessel, and boil it till it is of a suitable consistence to spread on silk (say the thickness of molasses) with a brush.

Cold Cream.—Take ½ oz. white wax, do. of spermaceti, and 8 oz. of almond oil. Put the whole into a basin, and place it in hot water till fused: then gradually add 3 oz. rose water, elder water, or orange flower water, stirring all the time with a fork or small whisk. When cold it is fit for use.—*A. M. M.*

For Coloring Sea Weed Red.—Dip the moss into a boiling solution of 1 oz. alum in 1 pint water. Dry it. Make a solution of ½ oz. cochineal, ½ oz. cream tartar, one tablespoonful spirits hartshorn to ½ tumbler water. Dip in the moss, wring, and dry in the shade.

CHOICE RECEIPTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Very Fine Jelly Without Wine.—Take one paper of English gelatine; dissolve it in 1 pint cold water. Put on the fire meanwhile, 3 pints hot water, into which throw 2 sticks cinnamon, broken up, 2 lbs. white sugar, the juice of 6 lemons made into 1 pint lemonade, by adding water to the squeezed and strained juice, enough to make up a pint. Let this be stirred and boiled five minutes. The gelatine must have remained in the pint of cold water twenty minutes. Now pour this hot water into the pitcher, cinnamon and all. Have moulds ready, and a thin muslin jelly bag. Pour the jelly through the bag into such forms or moulds as you have. Put it in a cool place till next day, when it will turn out.

Another.—5 pints water, (less as much as the orange and lemon juice measured,) the grated rind of 2 lemons, and the juice of 8; 4 or 6 oranges, squeezed, 1 drop of oil of cinnamon, first rubbed into a little of the weighed sugar. 2 lbs. sugar. 1 paper gelatine.

Another, with Wine.—To a package of gelatine add a pint of cold water, the juice of 8 lemons, and the rind of 1. Let it stand 20 minutes, then add 3 pints of boiling water, 1 pint of wine, and 2 lbs. of white sugar. Run it into moulds, and stand in a *cold* place.

Blanc Manger.—To one package of gelatine add 2 quarts of milk, season, and sweeten to the taste.

☞ It is told of a Connecticut field officer, better acquainted with farming than soldiering, that when circumstances placed him in command of his regiment at Hatteras, he wished to oblique his column in marching gave the order—"Haw around that mud-puddle!"

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 8, 9, 10, is an insect.
My 13, 16, 12, is a fish.
My 7, 6, 5, is something used in fishing.
My 11, 4, 14, 5, 3, 17, is a fort in the South.
My 15, 2, 1, 3, is a denomination in Long Measure.
My whole is the name of a brave soldier.

F. R. W.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 10, 19, 6, 10, 20, 18, 3, is a member of the Cabinet.
My 8, 12, 10, 1, is part of a bird.
My 3, 9, 17, 4, is very good.
My 7, 6, 8, 20, 13, 6, 10, is used at night.
My 5, 9, 10, 1, is an ornament.
My 8, 6, 19, is an animal.
My 2, 14, 11, is a fabulous spirit.
My 17, 6, 13, 18, 6, 5, was a Roman general.
My 20, 8, 12, 1, is part of a tree.
My 15, 13, 7, 6, 8, 6, 5, 4, is one of the United States' forts.
My 1, 13, 10, 4, 5, 6, 14, is a military officer.
My whole is a distinguished General.

NEMO.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To warn you of danger, before you we stand,
Which we're sanctioned to do by the laws of the land.
Our counsel unasked, we most gladly impart
Some virtuous impression to make on your heart.
But if you transpose us, you surely will find
A punishment justly for sinners designed.

Naples, Scott Co., Ill. J. SIMMONS.

TRANSPOSITION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Transpose a fish into a charge.
Transpose the world into a devil.
Transpose to shew into a trick.
Transpose two terms used at cards, into each other.
Transpose an organ into a verb signifying to shrivel.
Transpose an escape into imperfect utterance.

Harrison, Ohio. HARRIE B.

DOUBLE KBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A cape in Africa.
A gulf in Asia.
A town in Russia.
A village on the Dussel.
A division of Europe.
A cape on the coast of Africa.
One of the great oceans.
A city in New York.
The initials form a cape in the Old World.
The finals place of situation.

SAML. LAIRD.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Five men join to buy a certain strip of land containing 321 3-10 acres. Each one paying the same amount of money—but as the land was of unequal value, E was to take his share from the west end, at a certain price per acre; D next at $1 33⅓-100 per acre more than E. C at $1.33⅓ per acre more than D. B at $1.33⅓ per acre more than C. And A at $1,33⅓ per acre more than B. D received for his share 13 7-10 acres more than C. How many acres did each man get and at what price per acre?

UNCLE WILLIAM.

Pope Creek, Mercer Co., Illinois.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The perimeter of a plane triangle is 630 perches; the diameter of its inscribed circle is 112 perches, and the greatest square that can be inscribed in it, standing on the longest side, measures 90 perches on a side. Required—the sides of the triangle?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a field of grass like a person older than yourself? Ans.—Because it is past-your-age.

☞ Who is the largest man? Ans.—The liver; he is a fellow of tremendous sighs.

☞ Who is the most liberal man? Ans.—The grocer; he gives almost everything a weigh.

☞ Who would make the best soldiers? Ans.—Dry goods men: they have the most drilling.

☞ Who is the laziest man? Ans.—The furniture dealer; he keeps chairs and lounges about all the time.

☞ Why is a leaky barrel like a coward? Ans.—Because it runs.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—General Hugh Mercer, killed at the battle of Princeton. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry. CHARADE.—Chair. CHARADE.—Dictionary. (Dick-shun-ary.) ANAGRAMS.—Major-General Floyd, John C. Fremont, Simon Bolivar Buckner, Abraham Lincoln, Edwin M. Stanton, Don Carlos Buell, Manatiidi Lovell, General A. E. Burnside, General P. G. T. Beauregard, Davis, the traitor! CHARADE.—Counterpane. (Coun-ter-pane.)

Answer to PROBLEM by Augustus, published January 18th.—80 A. 41 119-841 per.

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Answer to PROBLEM March 22.—150 feet distance ball would move. 158⅓ the hypothenuse if continued to the ground. WM. ASKY.

Answer to MENTAL ARITHMETICAL QUESTION, by PERCIVAL JENNETT, published March 29.—Each will be 20 miles from his journey's end. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

Messrs. Editors:—
I see in your paper of last week
An answer to your puzzle you seek;
A river is the answer I should make,
And yet I think there's a small mistake;
For if 'tis not by tributaries "fed,"
How can its "mouth be larger than its head."?

C. O. DUFF.

Salina, April 14, 1862.

Also answered by ELLA FLOWER.